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SIXPENCE.

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THE NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM "WHITEWASHING JULIA."

SKETCHES BY S. BEGG.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's latest play tells how a small provincial community make a dead set at a lady touched by scandalous rumour.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

There is a curious notion that to cultivate amity with foreign States we must carefully abstain from collecting proofs of their ill-will. This necessary business is called "inflaming international animosities." For example, you inflame animosity by specifying the facts in our diplomatic relations with Germany. The furnace is heated seven times hotter if you point out that semi-official explanations why the German Navy ought to double its strength in fifteen years do not tally with the opinions of the highest German authorities. It is given out now that more—many more—battle-ships are needed to guard the German harbours. But in 1897, Admiral Hollmann, to whom the Kaiser addressed his recent manifesto on Biblical criticism, declared that "our harbours defend themselves." Between the Kaiser and the Admiral, theology, I imagine, is an interlude; but there is no doubt that in the same year the Kaiser said, "The trident must be in our fist." Now, the trident, as you may observe by consulting a halfpenny, is at present in Britannia's fist; and we do not propose to let it become a mere unmeaning decoration of our coinage. If it should inflame German minds to make this clear by rational precautions, then we must adapt a famous remark of Artemus Ward's, and say, "Let them flame!"

Our naval ship-building programme, I believe, is constructed on the principle that the British Navy must be strong enough to cope with at least two maritime Powers. Does anybody complain of this as an inflammatory policy? Is it proposed that we shall reduce the number of our battle-ships lest the sight of them should excite angry passions? If not, the question of making strategic harbours on the East coast of this island, and of patrolling the sea which washes that coast, must be considered solely in the light of the national security. There is no more animosity in such practical measures than there is in the manœuvres of the Channel Fleet or of the Mediterranean Fleet. The Admiralty has appointed Admiral Wilson, who is probably unacquainted with Biblical criticism, to the command of the Home Fleet, which will cruise not in the Channel or in the Mediterranean, but in what an able writer has most happily termed "other directions." For instance, Admiral Wilson will sometimes take the air on the West coast, and sometimes he will say to his officers in a thoughtfully nautical way, "Surely this island of ours must have an East coast; let us explore it. But remember, gentlemen, this is not a North Sea Squadron; and if by any chance you should come across a German harbour defending itself, mind that you avoid its sandbanks most respectfully." And then the band on the flag-ship will strike up the ancient national song entitled, "And the Kaiser with his trident took a sly glance at me."

The Constitution is glowering at us again. That remarkable body called the Committee of National Defence, which had subsisted unnoticed in a vacuum for some years, has started to breathe hard. It was originally composed of Cabinet Ministers with spare time; but now it has taken to its bosom mere professional experts like the Commander-in-Chief and the naval head of the Admiralty. The Prime Minister, too, has joined the party, and there is really a prospect that naval and military brains will be employed upon questions affecting national policy. But the Constitution is alarmed. "Here's another Junta!" it cries. "What about Cabinet responsibility? When the soldier and sailor declare that something must be done, what security is there that the civilians will not yield to this dictation? When Kitchener comes home, he will join the Committee, and then Rosebery's ideal of military despotism will be a dreadful reality! They talk of co-ordinating the Army and Navy; but that means a definite scheme of national defence. It means that men who know their business will ponder strategy and other murderous things. Then what will become of humanity, and of Me?" The Committee, in short, is in a fair way to be branded as another conspiracy against our liberties, to say nothing of the inflammation of foreign sentiment. In a magazine article I light upon these pregnant words: "At no time in our history has the Press arrogated more influence to itself than at present, and though it is still over-sanguine, the influence which it does possess is wholly bad." But surely not so bad as the influence of the Committee will be when that terrible Kitchener has done with India!

Mr. Kipling has written a poem which breathes peace and goodwill, not threatenings and slaughter. He sees the sword in South Africa turned into the ploughshare, and Mr. Chamberlain sowing the seed of reconciliation. To some people, this gives more offence than Mr. Kipling's minatory and martial note. When once you have chosen a bugbear, and smeared him with red ochre, it is annoying to find him turned to an image of pastoral joys, exchanging the war-like cymbals for the pipes of Pan. I read fierce

denunciations of Mr. Kipling, as if he had done his critics a mortal injury, and outraged all the canons of consistency. It is insinuated that he has some wicked motive. If you met a leopard that had changed its spots, would you not suspect trickery—say tattooing? Mr. Kipling has tattooed himself to represent an angel of concord; but there are keen eyes to detect the horrible embellishments with which he was born.

It seems that you cannot really be a lover of peace unless you are eternally preaching about it. There is a certain paladin of the pulpit whose voice in these days is heard incessantly in the land. His conscience bids him to defy the law by refusing to pay the Education Rate because he disapproves of an Act of Parliament. On this principle the duties of citizenship ought to be very cheap, if you could induce a sufficient number of citizens to combine against the payment of taxes for purposes they dislike. In that case taxation would come to an end, and some original system of society, not at present grasped by the wit of man, would be established by the new philosophers. Without taxes there would be no Army and Navy—a consummation which we should anticipate with rapture. "People are beginning to think," says our new monitor, "that war is a most ineffective instrument of human progress." You may have an idea that the war which expelled the Moslem from Central Europe, or the war which destroyed the Spanish Armada, did a good deal for human progress. You may hold that a war which should lead to the dissolution of the British Empire would give human progress a considerable check. You may have reason to suspect that, for this end, war is an instrument which certain ambitions would not hesitate to employ, and that, if the end were achieved, they would flatter themselves that human progress had been vastly advanced by their own aggrandisement. It is to prevent this gratification that the Army and Navy are maintained out of taxes which people who are "beginning to think" will presently decline to pay. Then the paladin of the pulpit will make a tour of Europe, and persuade all the statesmen to abolish their armaments.

Rural magistrates who have set their faces against the motor-car should read Mr. Henry Norman's article in the *World's Work*, and bow to the inevitable. The motor is silent at last; it is also cheap. True, it still raises the dust; but some new device, which Mr. Norman has not yet invented, will soon invest it with the soothing charm of the watering-cart. Do not mariners pour oil upon the troubled seas? Why not assuage the wrath of rural magistrates by leaving a gentle rill in the trail of your 40-horse power car? Mr. Norman draws a fascinating picture of country life now that "the little car costs less a year than a pony and trap, and does five times the work." How much can you see of Nature and of your fellow-men with the help of a pony? I remember a fat little animal that took me for a drive in Surrey years ago; and at the end of the day the owner said he would never let me have that pony again because I had brought it home "all of a sweat." No fear of that with the little car! With ten or twelve horsepower, "to go to lunch thirty miles away and come back is an easy performance, and a hundred miles in the day, fifty out and back, can often be done, not only without undue fatigue, but with great enjoyment and benefit." Does the rural magistrate think he will always be able to deprive his family of that?

But Mr. Norman knows the way to the heart of the landed gentry. "Country residential property will rise in value. . . . To the car-owner it is virtually the same thing whether his home is one mile or a dozen miles from his nearest railway. This will bring into the market at good prices a great number of country places unlettable and unsaleable to-day." Does the land-agent pooh-pooh this prospect? Or the country innkeeper? Does the farmer see no chance of sending his eggs and butter to market by a means that must cheapen the cost of transport? Against these advantages what is to be set in the balance? A little dust? The irritation naturally excited by car-owners who drive at a reckless speed? They will be taught responsibility in time. Besides, it is the little car that will chiefly possess the country roads, not the thundering energy that is equal to forty horses. What will happen to railway dividends is a more ticklish speculation. Mr. Norman says that the motor will avenge on the railways the extinction of the stage-coach. As I am not a shareholder, I do not venture to discuss such a prophecy. But the whirligig of time will bring in its revenges indeed, if the coaching inns should spring up again on our highways to greet the new travellers. Do you look regretfully at the old prints which celebrate the glories of the stage coaches, and exhale all that was gracious in the spirit of the good old days? The print-seller will soon have a fresh gallery of pictures, dedicated to the rural renaissance which is to grow out of that "little car." But will it be as gay without the horse?

PARLIAMENT.

Venezuela was discussed in the House of Lords on the initiative of Lord Tweedmouth, who called attention to the Blue Book. He said that the whole transaction was extremely damaging to the Government, who had failed to understand the susceptibilities of the United States and the ulterior objects of Germany. Lord Lansdowne held that we were bound to seek redress for outrages upon British subjects, and that separate action was impossible. He drew a picture of the alarming situation that would have arisen had the British and German ships, acting separately, given chase to a Venezuelan vessel. The American Government had all the time been kept perfectly well informed as to our policy, and had shown the utmost consideration and goodwill. Lord Rosebery said that all that passed between the Government and America at a critical moment seemed to have been "an exchange of winks" with the American Ambassador. He condemned the "co-operation" with Germany in strong terms. The Government ought to have met the German proposal by declaring that "the speeches of responsible German statesmen" about this country made any common action impossible. This was by far the most significant passage in Lord Rosebery's speech; but the Duke of Devonshire, in reply, did not allude to it.

In the Commons the Attorney-General moved for a new writ for Galway. He cited precedents to show that it was not the rule to disfranchise constituencies that had elected representatives convicted of treason. Sir George Bartley moved as an amendment that the writ should not be granted this session. He said that Galway had elected Mr. Lynch solely because he was a traitor in arms against the British Government. Mr. Balfour said that such a course would be contrary to the Constitution. Lord Hugh Cecil urged that it was high time to make the election of traitors a high Parliamentary offence. For the amendment forty-five voted.

In Supply, Mr. Edmund Robertson complained that the self-governing Colonies were paying substantially nothing towards the cost of Imperial defence, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain said that any contribution from them must be freely and spontaneously offered.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. H. A. JONES'S NEW COMEDY AT THE GARRICK.

If Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new Garrick comedy, "Whitewashing Julia," falls far short of the perfection of that exquisite trifle, "The Liars"; if it rouses a curiosity and an artistic expectation which are neither of them gratified, it at any rate exhibits its author returned to his better, lighter vein, and in one way or another contrives, not by very exalted methods, to be pretty consistently entertaining. There was a time, half-way through the first act of his new play, when Mr. Jones seemed to be constructing in his happiest and completest style one of those elaborate fantasies of petty social prejudices and hypocrisies and cabals out of which he made in "The Liars" such excellent dramatic capital, the starting point on this occasion being not the silly fib of a reckless wife, but a scandalous tale rumoured of a lady in a clerical centre. Very adroitly at first does the playwright create his mystery of Julia and her indiscretion with the foreign Prince and her incriminating powder-puff. Very delicately does he suggest an ecclesiastical atmosphere of prim and not too charitable conventionality. Very amusingly does he begin in a church bazaar refreshment tent, during a sudden shower of rain, the courtship of the compromised beauty and precise Lady Pinckney's impracticable brother. But alas! after the audience's inquisitiveness has been constantly provoked, the heroine's secret is never revealed, for her lover burns her confession unread; there is no process of whitewashing Julia, since her rehabilitation is secured owing to the accidental and sordid follies of the two sons of my Lady Pinckney. The story, indeed, wanders off into the vulgar regions of intrigue and blackmail, and not all the smart witticisms of the dialogue and its caustic satire at the expense of clerical prigs and prudes can hide the fact that Mr. Jones has striven to bolster up with melodrama one of the flimsiest plays he has ever written. The Garrick piece is capitally acted, though it does not give its interpreters any remarkable scope. The parts of the fascinating Julia and her go-ahead, breezy lover fit Miss Violet Vanbrugh and Mr. Arthur Bourchier perfectly, and the graceful ease of the one and the smooth urbanity of the other are, of course, very acceptable. Other members of the cast are Mr. Charles Groves, Miss M. Talbot, Miss Dolores Drummond, and Mr. Kenneth Douglas; but the most telling of the minor performances are those of Mr. Sam Sothorn as a young man ever involved in impossible love-affairs, and Miss Ethelwynne Arthur-Jones as a bright little girl of decided self-will.

THE DRAMA IN GREATER LONDON.

Taken in the mass, the suburban theatres are allowed this week a little more variety than usual in their dramatic fare. Nearly always, of course, melodrama rules at the majority of the outlying houses. The mere titles printed on most of the programmes—thus "The Best of Friends," at Kennington; "The Prodigal Daughter," at the Camden; "Shadowed Lives," at Fulham; "The Fatal Wedding," at the Pavilion, E.; "The Sands of Time," at Islington; and "East Lynne," at Balham, not to mention several others—attest the still universal popularity of the play of sensational incident. On the other hand, melodrama's constant rival, musical comedy, obtains for the moment less than its customary vogue, its representatives being but three—"A Country Girl," at the Borough, Stratford; "The Belle of Cairo," at Woolwich; and "The Belle of New York," at Stoke Newington. But room is thus made for the appearance of two grand-opera troupes: the Coronet Theatre is occupied this week by the well-known Carl Rosa Company, and the Standard continues its own operatic season with the assistance of Mr. J. W. Turner and his capable associates.

BIRDS FROM OVERSEAS.

Our earliest arrival is, as a rule, the chaff-chaff, who sings his little song from which he takes his name in sheltered thickets and spinneys in March; after that we look for the beautiful wheatear on our commons, about rabbit-warrens, and on poor sandy stretches of land near the coast. There is a larger and a smaller variety of the wheatear; those in the Trent Valley, for instance, are smaller than those near the coast. He need not fear the traps on the Downs in the spring, but in the early autumn great numbers are taken by the snarers; Yarrell tells us that one man and a lad can look after from five to seven hundred traps on the South Downs. In Cornwall it has been observed that the wheatear arrives so early in the morning that he must have left the French coast long before daybreak. The dates of arrival can never be exactly given because they vary according to the season; being affected chiefly by the food-supply, not so much, it is thought, by the state of the temperature. Yet the number of swallows and swifts that visit us is often enormously affected by the weather. I had personally a strong proof of this two years ago in the early summer. I was staying then on a narrow peninsula which runs out from the old town of Radolfzell at the head of the Zeller See, a branch of Lake Constance. As this peninsula is owned by a lover and protector of bird life, it was particularly rich in the various species common to Southern Germany. Swallows are in legions, but the swifts, although they pass over in great numbers, rarely stop there; the gardeners told me they had never scarcely known one alight. The day before I arrived, there was a singular visitation of "a cloud of swifts," so the head gardener called it—*mauer'schwalben*. He told me the birds followed him as he walked with his cart and horse along the peninsula road, flying low and appearing exhausted. Some even flew against his person. He counted over forty dead birds on the ground, and handled some which were in a dying state; but although the birds were in very poor condition, there seemed to be nothing else wrong about them. I saw some of the dead swifts myself; they were miserably thin. The men could not account for this mortality, but I felt certain they had been overtaken in migratory flight by stormy weather; abnormally stormy it had been for the previous fortnight in Switzerland and the northern part of Italy; and so cold that we were told we ought to take winter clothing with us. Starlings were there galore, but the men said that there had also been a singular mortality among these earlier in the year; numbers arrive in February always. No one in the neighbourhood could account for the fact.

The house-martins arrive after the swallows, the time of the coming of both migrants varying in the different counties. White of Selborne records his average time of the first arrivals of swallows as from March 26 to April 20, but Markwick as from April 7 to 27. In Lancashire it is reckoned not to be seen until April 15, in Northamptonshire on about April 10. It is strange that swallows, swifts, and martins should be so commonly confused, and one taken for the other, when one notes what great differences exist between them, both structural and in their plumage. I constantly meet well-informed country people who take martins for swallows, and swifts for martins. Still, it goes somewhat against the grain yet to class the swift, as we ought to do now, among the *Picaria*—in the same order, that is, as the woodpeckers, instead of with the swallows in the family of *Hirundinidae*. We have all learned much, however, since Dr. Plot, of Oxford, wrote over two hundred years ago, "It cannot easily rise from the ground, unless it be very plain and free from grass, wherefore it either always flies or sits on the tops of churches, towers, or else hangs on other ancient buildings by its sharp claws, from which it falls, and so takes its flight." It was then called the black martin, and by Dr. Plot the martlet.

Early in April we shall hear, in the home counties, the wryneck, or cuckoo's leader or mate, crying *peet-peet-peet*! Further north, the wryneck rarely comes before the end of the month. Why this bird, which was once a common visitor to Lancashire, should be almost extinct in that county is a problem. It is only seen there to be shot, it seems. In Staffordshire it is common to some districts; further north, it is rare and very local in its distribution, but in the south-eastern parts of England it is in numbers. Later in April and in May its notes will be louder. Its local name in Lancashire is Lang-tongue; in other parts, cuckoo's man; also cuckoo's maid in Wales. In Northern Europe, too, its name associates it with the cuckoo. Lang-tongue, of course, refers to its long horny-tipped tongue, which is much like that of the woodpecker, and is necessary for darting forth in quest of insects, which adhere to it by means of the glutinous mucus supplied by glands situated beneath the lower jaw; a secretion of this covers the horny tip of the tongue. The wryneck is a beautiful creature, for although so sober in its colouring, the plumage is exquisitely pencilled. It makes no nest, but lays its eggs on the bare wood in the hole of a tree, to which tree it will resort year after year. There it defends its eggs or young with a loud hissing sound, which has gained for it yet another name—that of "snake-bird."

The nuthatch, which is a very rare bird in Scotland, and not common in the North of England, excepting on a few large estates where there is much old timber, is frequently found in some parts of the home counties. I know it best in Surrey, and on the estate of a friend in Hertfordshire, who is a great bird-protector. It is so much at home that it comes to feed on nuts which she places there in wicker sponge-baskets against the walls of her house. Its shrill whistling note, *tui-tui-tui*, I shall listen to, I hope, by the Wandle, near Mitcham. (By the way, that pleasant stream has been lately restocked with trout.) It is an interesting sight to see the nuthatch fix his nut in some crevice, and then hammer at it with his bill until the shell is broken.

J. A. O.

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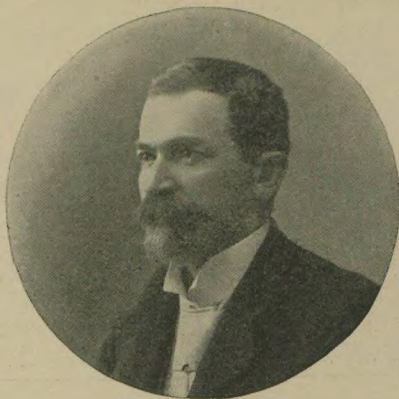
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COLONEL YANKOFF,
IN MACEDONIAN INSURGENT UNIFORM.



PROFESSOR MIKHAILOVSKY.



GENERAL TSONCHEFF.

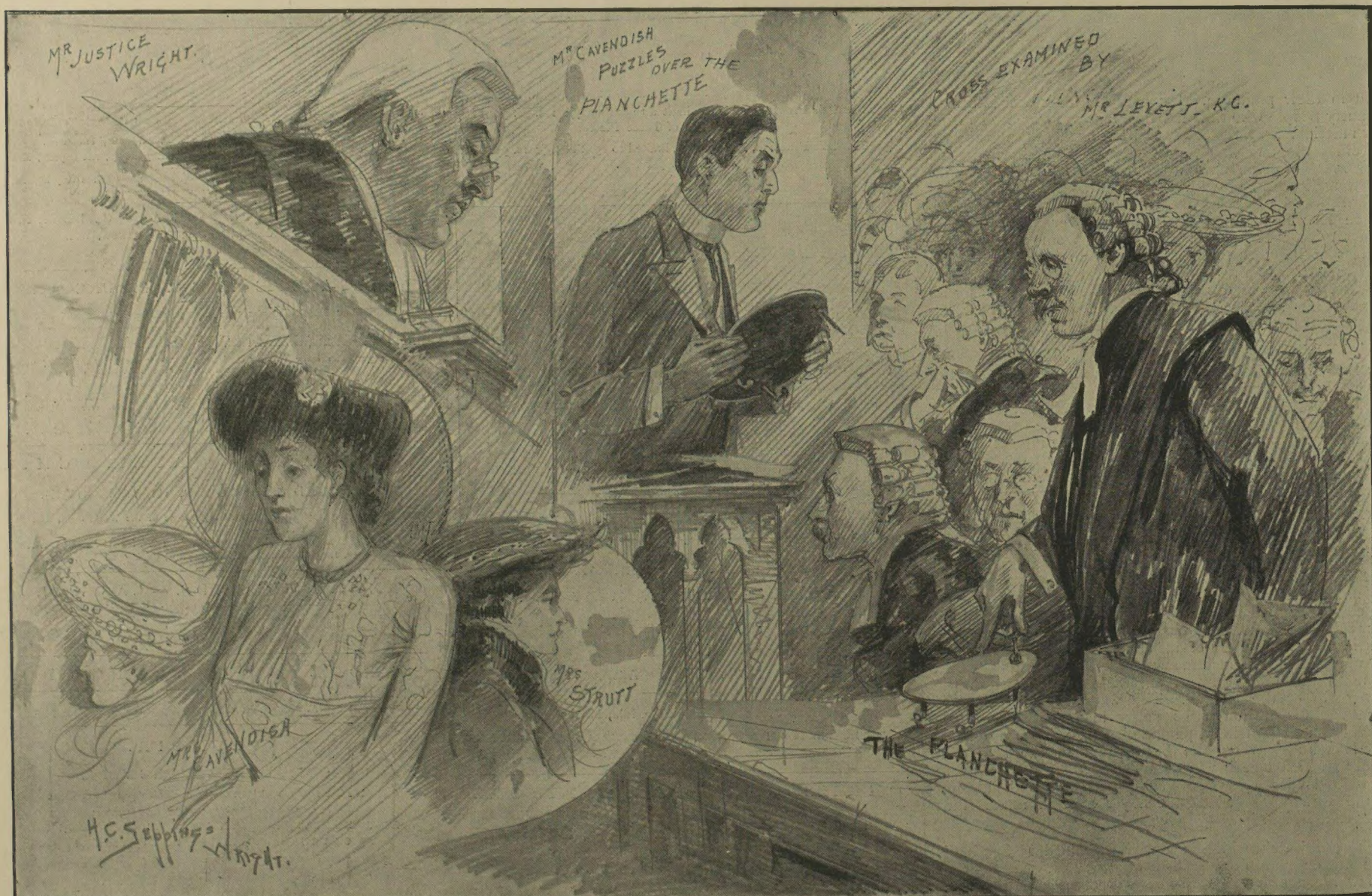


M. BORIS SARAFOFF,
IN MACEDONIAN NATIONAL COSTUME.

MIKHAILOVSKY, by profession a school-master, was elected President of the Superior Committee in 1901, on the secession of Sarafoff. He has taken no part in armed incursions. Tsoncheff is a Major-General in the Reserve of the Bulgarian army. Colonel Yankoff led a raid into Macedonia, but met with little support from the peasants. He was kept under arrest for a short time by the Greek Government.

BORIS SARAFOFF left the Bulgarian army in 1895 to head an incursion into Macedonia, where he is alleged to have sanctioned the slaughter of unarmed Turkish officials in a village which had surrendered to him. He became a member of the Superior Macedonian Committee at Sofia in 1899, and later was President. He separated from the Central Organisation in 1901. Now, however, he is in Macedonia at the head of a band.

THE TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS: FOUR PROMINENT MACEDONIAN REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS.



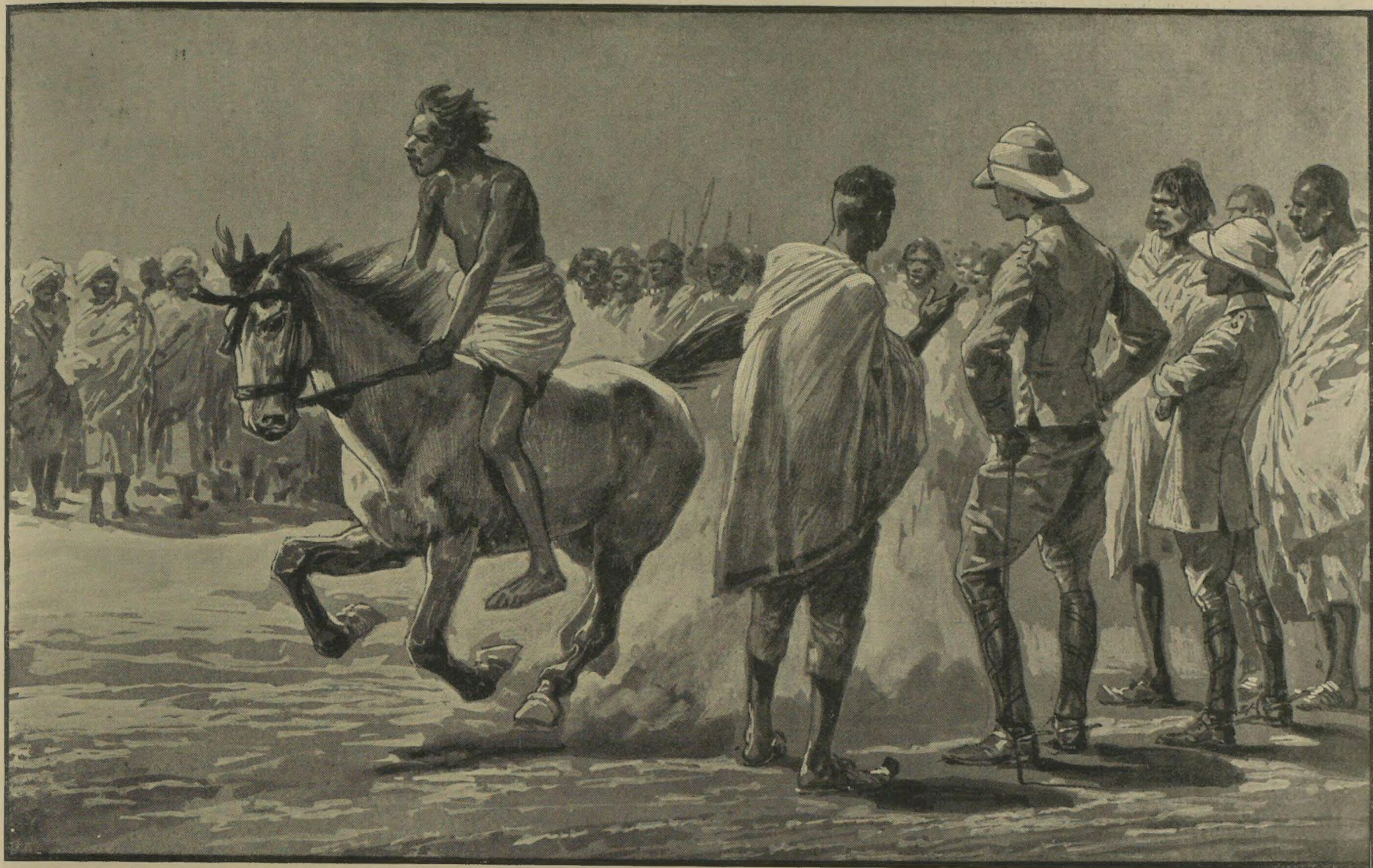
SPIRITUALISM IN THE LAW COURTS: SCENES DURING THE TRIAL OF THE "PLANCHETTE" CASE.

SKETCHES BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

In this case, a Mr. Cavendish, a young man of fortune, sought the aid of Chancery to set aside a voluntary settlement whereby he gave a Major and Mrs. Strutt almost absolute control of his estate. He pleaded undue influence, as Mrs. Strutt, who dealt in the occult, persuaded him by messages purporting to come from his late mother and the archangels Gabriel, Michael, and Uriel. Séances were held, at which an instrument called "the planchette" was used to convey written messages. It is a little heart-shaped piece of wood with two wheels at the broad end, and a hole for a pencil at the point. Parties to the séance place their fingers on the instrument and wait for the pencil, beneath which a paper is placed, to trace a message. Mr. Cavendish was asked to identify a similar instrument in court, but could not be sure that it was the veritable one which had influenced him.

THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: CAMPAIGNING SCENES.

FROM SKETCHES BY C. L. DAVIS.



THE PURCHASE OF PONIES FOR THE EXPEDITION: A SOMALI DEALER SHOWING HIS WARES TO THE BRITISH AGENTS.

The Somali pony is invaluable for campaigning, as owing to its powers of endurance it can go for two days without water and can exist on the scantiest grazing. When a dealer shows the paces of a pony, he drives it at a furious gallop, and must always have half his tribe present to see how well he does it.



Captain Keelan.

Colonel Aplin.

Captain Greig.

Major Thompson. Lieutenant McLaughlin.

A PLEASANT SPOT IN SOMALILAND: A SYLVAN BIVOUAC AT GEL OKAR.

Although much of Somaliland is arid, our troops here and there find a pleasant camping-ground such as that at Gel Okar, where the 7th Bombay Pioneers were able to hold their mess in a veritable arbour.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GREAT GALE.

On Feb. 24 there arose a tremendous gale which swept the kingdom from north to south and did enormous damage around our coasts. On the Firth of Clyde the wind attained a velocity of fifty miles an hour, and the sea ran higher than it has been known to do for thirty years. In Perthshire there were great floods, the river Earn overflowing its banks and destroying a large portion of the Crieff and Comrie Railway; and in Berwickshire and East Lothian there were blinding showers of snow and sleet. On the coasts of Wales and in the English Channel there were many wrecks, and on the night of Feb. 26 vessels were running for shelter to Dover Harbour. The Eastern Pier works of the National Harbour of that port were struck by heavy seas, which caused considerable damage and set some of the enormous piles adrift. In the Marine Parade great cavities were torn by the waves. We illustrate many instances of the havoc wrought by the tempest, and particular details will be found on the pages containing the pictures.

THE NIGERIA BOUNDARY.

We publish this week photographs of the operations of the Sokoto-Lake Chad Expedition, which is engaged in delimiting the Anglo-French boundary in Nigeria. It was these operations that necessitated the recent Kano Expedition. The Boundary Commission proceeded to Illo at the close of last year, and it is its progress along the Niger from Yelwa to Dole that our pictures illustrate. At Dole the force left the river and proceeded with the work of marking out a semicircle which should have Sokoto as its approximate centre. The semicircle will sweep round Sokoto to the north, and at a point somewhat east of Katsena a straight line will be drawn to Kuka, on the shores of Lake Chad. The precise bearing of the work upon the Kano Expedition will be understood by anyone who consults the

he is rendering us all the assistance in his power. The Italian Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs explained in a recent speech that the disembarkation of the British Expedition at Obbia was authorised on the express understanding that the Mullah's invasion of Benedir should, as far as possible, be prevented. Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, has arrived at Obbia, and this week we publish the first of his sketches.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

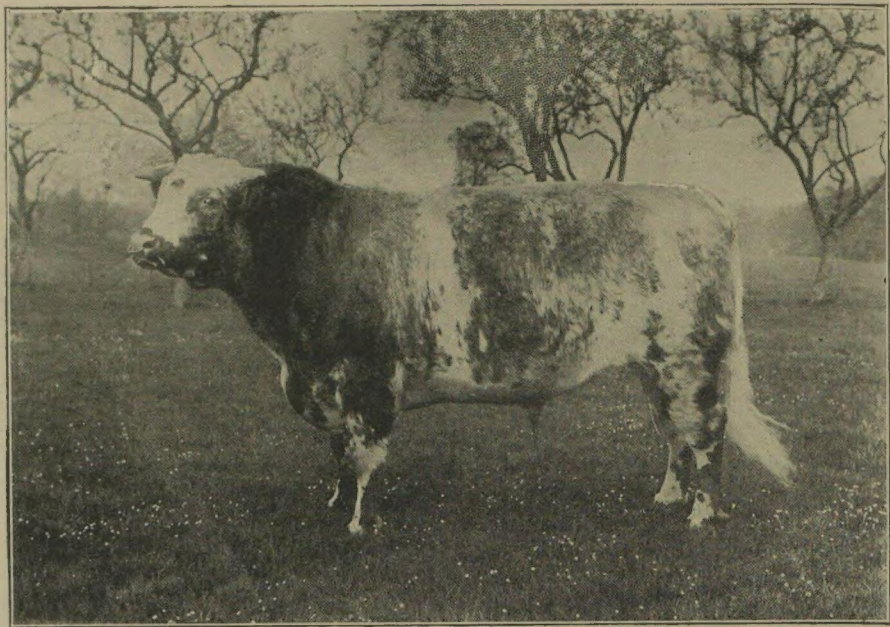
Although the details of Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Bloemfontein partake somewhat of the nature of ancient history, yet it is only this week that we have received a photographic record of the event. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain arrived at the capital of the former Orange Free State on the evening of Feb. 3. At Spitskop, about four miles out of the town, the Colonial Secretary was

met by a large body of mounted men and cyclists, who acted as his escort. The day following the arrival was devoted to rest, which was much needed after the fatigues of the long trek from Lichtenburg, by way of Mafeking and Kimberley. On the 7th, on a platform erected outside Government Building, the

a hill-tribe. Many of his followers deserted him after he received a wound in a recent engagement, for up to that time he had succeeded in making them believe that he was invulnerable.

THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

Serious encounters between armed bands have taken place upon the Macedonian Frontier. Several battalions of Turkish troops attacked the Macedonian Bulgarians, and after a severe struggle were driven off. As they retired, the Turks burned and plundered the houses. Another serious encounter has taken place between the Sultan's troops and the villagers of Brondo. Part of the village has been burned down. In the district of Malesh, in the Sandjak of Uskub, a band of thirty men engaged 120 Turkish soldiers, of whom they killed four. The band retreated, and was pursued by the Turks, who ultimately surrounded them. No great enthusiasm prevails in Bulgaria, Serbia, and Macedonia over the reforms which the Sultan is said to have accepted. It looks as if it were to be the old story of Armenia over again, where there was continual talk of reforms but no reform. On another page we give portraits of the four prominent Macedonian revolutionary leaders, with some particulars of their careers. Professor Mikhailovsky came to London recently and tried to raise a band of English volunteers to fight in the Macedonian cause. He proposed that all his recruits should sign an agreement promising money and equipment. His mission was a complete failure, and the Professor returned home. He is now a prisoner in his own house. M. Boris Saraffoff, the most prominent of the leaders, was not long ago in Paris on a revolutionary mission. He, General Tsoncheff, and Colonel Yankoff have been actively engaged in the recent disturbances.



THE SALE OF THE KING'S CHAMPION SHORTHORN BULL, "ROYAL DUKE."

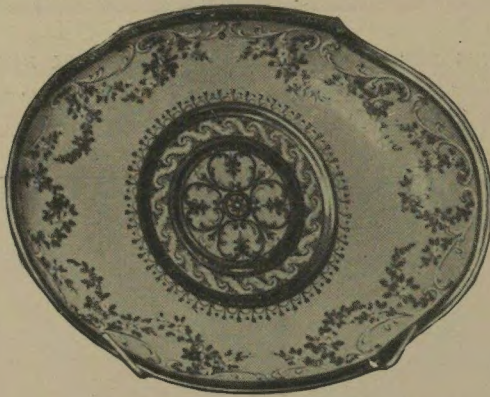
The animal was sold for eight hundred guineas at the King's Shorthorn sale at Windsor, February 26. It will be sent to South America.



A SEVRES ECUELLE AND COVER, BY NOEL, 1788.



AN OVIFORM VASE AND COVER IN TURQUOISE-BLUE SEVRES, DECORATED WITH PANELS BY MORIN.



STAND OF THE SEVRES ECUELLE, BY NOEL, 1788.

THE SALE OF THE HUGH ADAIR COLLECTION, FEBRUARY 27: HIGH-PRICED OBJECTS OF ART

The chief item of the collection formed by the late Sir Hugh Adair is an old Sevres oviform vase and cover in turquoise-blue porcelain, with gilt cord handles, and decorated with panels by G. Morin, formerly in the Marchioness of Londonderry's collection, and afterwards in that of the Earl of Dudley. It was purchased by Messrs. Duveen, of Old Bond Street, for £2000. The same firm bought the Sevres ecuelle and stand for £1000.

latest maps. By the time the expedition has reached the Katsena district, it will be necessary to send up food-supplies, and accordingly Sir Frederick Lugard, anticipating opposition from the Emir of Kano, sent up Colonel Morland from Zaria to crush him. Kano, as we have already noted, was occupied in due course, but an unexpected complication has arisen through the flight of the Emir towards Sokoto—a state of affairs that may bring about a difficult situation. It may be doubted, however, whether the Emir's reception at Sokoto will be cordial. During the last few months the capital of Nigeria has been shifted to Zungeru, where Mr. Wallace, the Deputy Commissioner, has been representing Sir Frederick Lugard, who went on to Zaria.

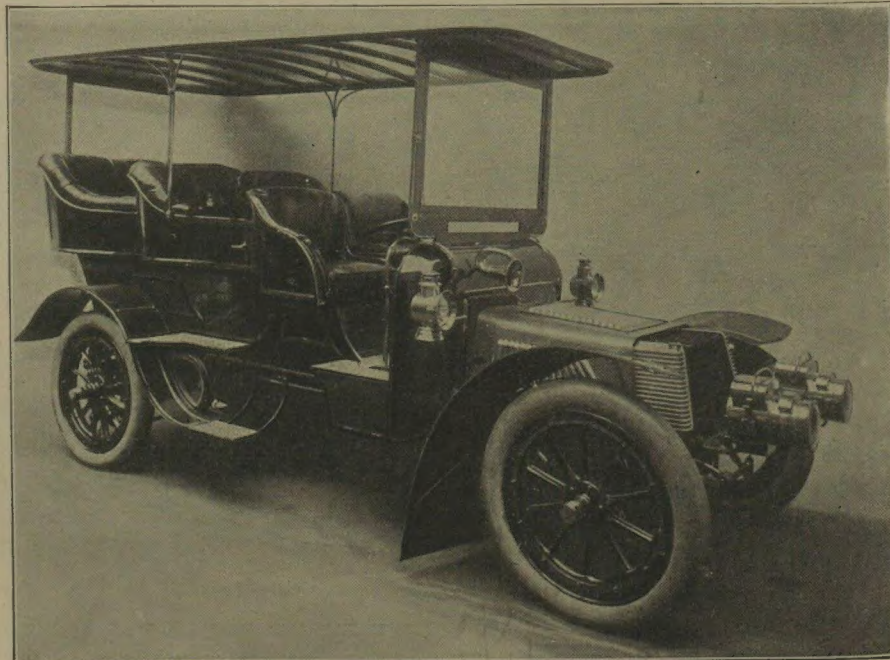
THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION.

Orders have been received by the officer commanding at Bohotle to hold everything in readiness, and from this it is believed that the general advance will not now be long delayed. Damu, a point forty miles to the north of Bohotle, has been occupied by Colonel Swann, who will, from that position, co-operate with General Manning. The recent deposition of the Sultan of Obbia, who was obstructing the British operations, and was strongly suspected of supplying arms to the Mullah, has been justified by a find of French rifles and a considerable sum of money. No sooner had this shady potentate been deported by the good offices of the Italian Government than the rates for transport animals and food-supplies, which had hitherto been prohibitive to the British, fell to a reasonable figure. A younger man has been elected to the Sultanate, and

Mayor, in the presence of a large assembly, presented Mr. Chamberlain with a congratulatory address of welcome. During his visit Mr. Chamberlain conferred with Christian De Wet.

THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO.

It would appear from advices from Fez that the Sultan's troops and the insurgents have not been in collision since Feb. 12. The Imperial troops, in three corps, are marching against the Pretender, whose forces are said to number eight thousand men. Immediately after Easter the Sultan will take the field and personal command of the army. As a disciplinarian, the Pretender appears to have been severe. He punished robbery with mutilation, and seems to have made use of conjuring tricks to overawe his followers. The Pretender's present whereabouts are at Taza, where he has taken refuge with



Photo, Russell.

THE NEW MOTOR-CAR FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince's new car is a very finely constructed 22-horse power Daimler.

PERSONAL.

Lord Spencer has taken a step which promises a fresh political sensation. In a recent speech he took occasion to treat Home Rule very coldly, to dismiss it to the very distant future, and to remonstrate with the Irish Nationalists upon their attitude towards Imperial questions. This is understood to forecast Lord Spencer's adherence to Lord Rosebery's policy.

Lord Rosebery has made two speeches in Scotland, mainly upon the extravagance of the national expenditure. His point was not that armaments should be reduced, but that they should be made more effective at a smaller cost.

Lord Halifax has made the interesting announcement that any member of the Church of England who does not accept the Mass and the Confessional is faithless to the Church.

Mr. Adrian Donald Wilde Pollock, the new Remembrancer for the City of London, comes of a family of lawyers: he is the grandson of the late Lord Chief Baron Pollock, nephew of the late Baron Pollock, and nephew of Mr. George Pollock, for many years the Queen's Remembrancer.

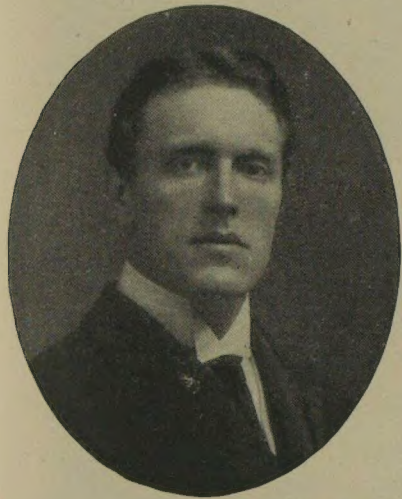


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

MR. A. D. W. POLLOCK,

New Remembrancer for the City of London.

experience of Parliamentary practice, is well acquainted with Parliamentary procedure, and is well versed in the technicalities of ceremonial. Mr. Pollock, who married a daughter of the present Speaker of the House of Commons, is a Liveryman of the Plumbers' Company.

Mr. Pinero, in a lecture at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, expressed his adhesion to the principle of a repertory theatre, to be secured by subsidy from public funds or private munificence against the risks of "commercial influences." Mr. Willard, who said he was willing to manage a repertory theatre, says he will have nothing to do with it except on a commercial basis.

Mr. Hofmeyr has issued his promised circular to the Cape Dutch. It fulfils both in letter and spirit the pledge he gave to Mr. Chamberlain. The Dutch are exhorted to bury the racial feud and abstain from all practices that threaten the tranquillity of the Colony. Of the social effect of this admonition it is too soon to judge.

Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, perhaps the best known and most devoted Johnsonian of his day, died on Feb. 24 at Hampstead. Born in 1835, the son of Arthur Hill and a nephew of the originator of the Penny Post, he was educated at Bruce Castle School, of which his father was head master, and at Pembroke College, Oxford, of which he was years afterwards elected an honorary Fellow. For fifteen years from 1859 he was head of his old school, devoting himself, upon his retirement, to the study of eighteenth-century literature. His first contribution to our knowledge of Dr. Johnson—"Dr. Johnson, his Friends and his Critics"—was issued in 1878, and was followed by numerous other works on his particular subject—notably, his monumental edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," published in 1887, and his two volumes of "Johnsonian Miscellanies," published ten years later. In addition to other literary work, Dr. Birkbeck Hill edited the Life of Sir Rowland Hill, some unpublished letters of Dean Swift, and the "Letters of D. G. Rossetti." He married in 1858 Annie, daughter of the late Edward Scott, of Wigan. For many years Dr. Hill was a welcome figure at the gatherings of the Johnson Club in some of the old Johnsonian haunts in Fleet Street. Mr. Augustine Birrell, another of Boswell's editors, knows them well.

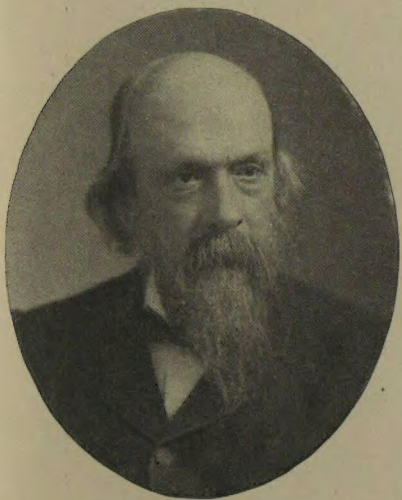


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE DR. G. BIRKBECK HILL,
Johnsonian Scholar.

President Roosevelt adheres manfully to his negro policy, maintaining that it is no part of his duty to set up colour distinctions in the choice of citizens for public offices. It is certain that he has not appointed so many negroes as his predecessor did; but he has roused resentment in the South as Mr. McKinley did not. It is now demanded by the South, in effect, that the political status of the negro under the Constitution shall be virtually abrogated.

The Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, D.D., who has been appointed Clerk of the Closet in Ordinary to his Majesty the King, in place of the Bishop of Winchester, translated to the see of Canterbury, has been Bishop of Ripon since 1884. Born at Liverpool on March 26, 1841, the son of the Rev. Henry Carpenter, Dr. Carpenter was educated at the Royal Institution School, Liverpool, and at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. His first curacy was that of All Saints, Maidstone, and this was followed by similar posts at St. Paul's, Clapham, and Holy Trinity, Lee. In 1870 he became Vicar of St. James's, Holloway; in 1879 Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate; in the same year honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria; in 1882 Canon of Windsor; and in 1883 Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the late Queen. Dr. Boyd Carpenter is an honorary Fellow of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, an honorary D.D. of Glasgow, an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, and a Knight of the Order of the Royal Crown of Prussia.

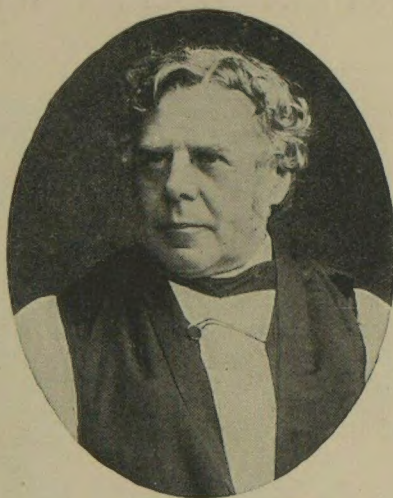


Photo. Russell.

THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF RIPON,
New Clerk of the Closet in Ordinary to the King.

The Rev. Henry Solly, who has died at an advanced age, had devoted his life to working-men's clubs. The excellent social influence exercised by many of those institutions owed much to his resolute advocacy.

Mr. John Forbes-Robertson, the well-known art critic and journalist, who died on Feb. 25, was born in Aberdeen on Jan. 30, 1822, and was educated at the Grammar School there, and at Marischal College, Aberdeen University. While still a student he was on the literary staff of the *Constitutional* and the *Herald* in his native city. He came to London soon after attaining his majority, and studied for a short time at University College, London. He then visited the United States and the chief art centres of Europe, finally settling in London, and acting as art critic on the *Art Journal* and several weekly periodicals in London and the provinces. For some years he edited *Art, Pictorial and Industrial*, and was well known as a lecturer on the history of art. Blindness, unfortunately, prevented active work about twelve years ago. Mr. Forbes-Robertson married Frances Cott in 1850. His son is Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the distinguished actor.

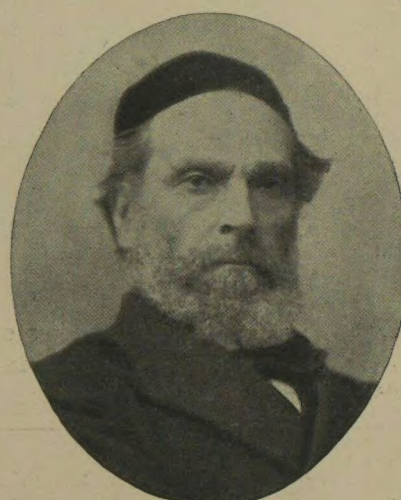


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON,
Art Critic.

The latest De Wet story in Paris is that the redoubtable guerilla chief has been invited to head a Macedonian insurrection. This pleasantly illustrates the craving of Paris readers for tales of an old favourite, however mythical they may be.

The struggle in Finland against the centralising policy of the Russian Government still goes on. Four provincial Governors refused to carry out the provisions of the military law, and were summarily dismissed.

Mr. Thomas Ryburn Buchanan, who has been returned unopposed for East Perthshire in the bye-election necessitated by the retirement of Sir John Kinloch, has already sat in the House of Commons for three Scotch constituencies. From 1881 till 1885 he represented Edinburgh; from 1885 till 1892, when he was defeated by Viscount Walmer, West Edinburgh; and from 1892 till 1900, when he was defeated by Mr. A. W. Maconochie, East Aberdeenshire. Mr. Buchanan was born in 1846, the son of the late J. Buchanan, of Glasgow, and was educated at Glasgow, Sherborne, and Balliol College, Oxford. He took the Stanhope Prize, is a Fellow of All Souls', and a barrister of the Inner Temple.



Photo. Russell.

MR. T. R. BUCHANAN,
New M.P. for East Perthshire.

Mr. Buchanan was born in 1846, the son of the late J. Buchanan, of Glasgow, and was educated at Glasgow, Sherborne, and Balliol College, Oxford. He took the Stanhope Prize, is a Fellow of All Souls', and a barrister of the Inner Temple.

In 1888 he married Emily, daughter of Mr. T. S. Bolitho. Mr. Buchanan is a member of the Liberal party.

Mr. Sidney Whitman, who is as faithful an admirer of the Sultan as the Emperor William, has been describing the domestic life of the Caliph. It seems that Abdul Hamid is a model father. He is most affectionate to his own children, but does not greatly trouble himself about the welfare of Armenian children or of the children who have the misfortune to live in Macedonia.

Mr. Scott Montagu has introduced into the House of Commons the "Light Locomotives (Ireland) Bill," the object of which is to secure the necessary legal authority for running the motor-car race for the Gordon-Bennett Cup on Irish roads. This project has naturally excited enthusiasm in Ireland, and the Irish members are to a man in favour of the Bill.

Mr. Henry John Palmer, managing editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, and the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, who died on Feb. 26, had been ill for some five months, the result of overwork. Born at Wotton, near Gloucester, on Dec. 15, 1853, he was educated at the Gloucester British School and privately. Joining the Midland Railway Company as clerk in 1869, he began to contribute to the *Gloucester Mercury* in 1876, and two years later joined the staff of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* as sub-editor. In 1886 he was appointed editor of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, and on Jan. 1, 1891, took up the position he held at the time of his death. Mr. Palmer, who was a Justice of the Peace for Leeds, was President of the Newspaper Society in 1900 and 1901, and President of the Institute of Journalists in 1901 and 1902. He married a daughter of James Izacké, of Gloucester, in 1879.

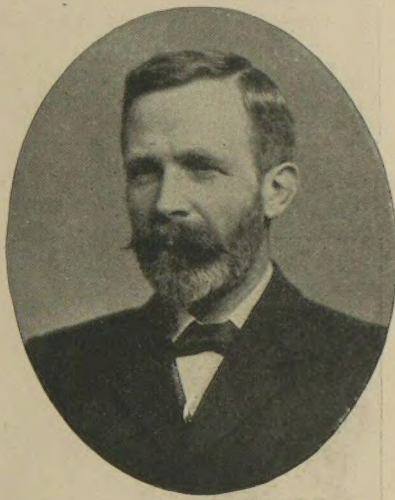


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. H. J. PALMER,
Editor of the Yorkshire Post.

Mr. Carmichael Thomas gave a most interesting lecture, illustrated by lantern-slides, on "Odds and Ends from an Editor's Portfolio," before members of the Camera Club on the evening of Feb. 26. Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., was in the chair.

Reports from China are very ominous about the attitude of the Boxers. Their organisations were in no way impaired by the European occupation of Tientsin and Peking, and some of the highest Chinese officials are said to be implicated in a fresh plot for the extermination of foreigners.

Mr. Samuel Tinsley, who died suddenly after speaking at a meeting on Feb. 27, was born in 1847, and coming to London from Shenley, in Hertfordshire, when quite a boy, was employed at Hookem's Library in Bond Street, and then by his brothers, the publishers. Later, Mr. Tinsley began publishing on his own account under the style of "Samuel Tinsley and Co." Always an enthusiastic chess-player, the transference of his business to another firm enabled him to devote himself to professional play, and he won prizes at Manchester and Hastings, as well as defeating Muller by seven games to nil. For some years he was attached to the *Times* as chess expert.

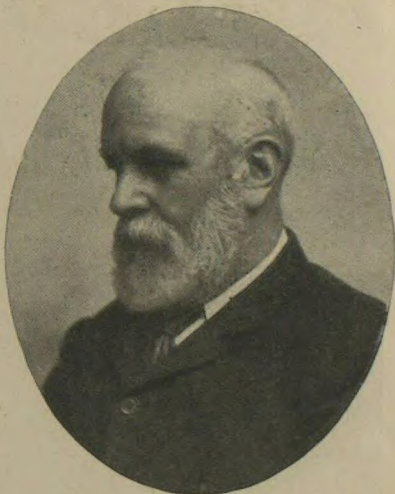


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. S. TINSLEY,
Publisher and Professional Chess-Player.

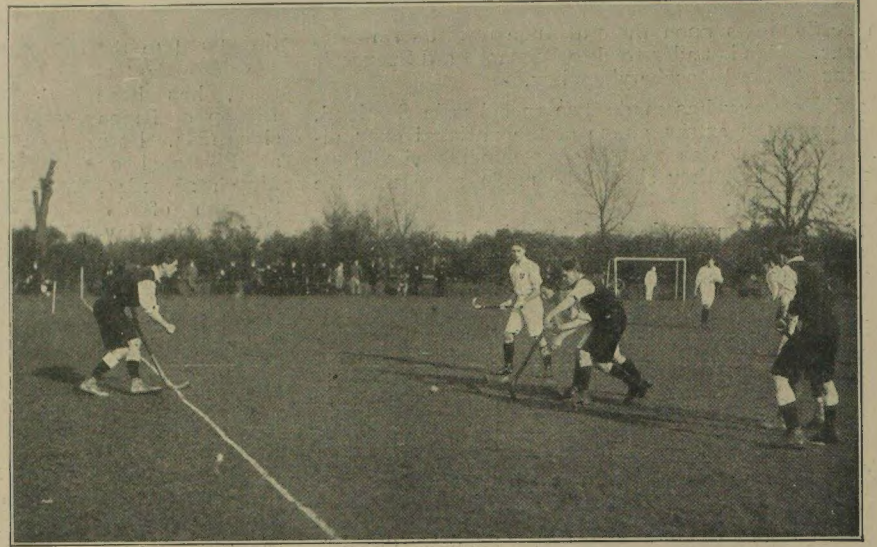
For a contribution to the gaiety of nations we are indebted to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, and Mr. A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the *Times*. Mr. Bouchier asked the *Times* to send another representative to the first performance of Mr. Jones's new play, "Whitewashing Julia," at the Garrick. "To our surprise," says Mr. Bouchier, "Mr. Walkley turned up." He was taken into "the Royal Room," and apparently impressed by this distinction, he went away, and no notice of the play was written for the *Times*.

Mr. Walkley, who regards the whole affair as "part of the human comedy," does not know why he has offended Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones says, and Mr. Bouchier agrees, that Mr. Walkley has a personal animus against his plays. This, as Dogberry would say, is most tolerable, and not to be endured, so Mr. Walkley is shut out of the Garrick, and the readers of the *Times* robbed of a lively article. But they have their compensation in the humours of the subsequent proceedings.

INTER-UNIVERSITY SPORT: A HOCKEY MATCH AND BOATING PRACTICE.



PLAY ON THE WING.



A ROLL IN.



SOME GOOD PASSING BY OXFORD.



OXFORD SCORE THEIR THIRD GOAL.

THE HOCKEY MATCH BETWEEN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE AT SURBITON ON FEBRUARY 25.

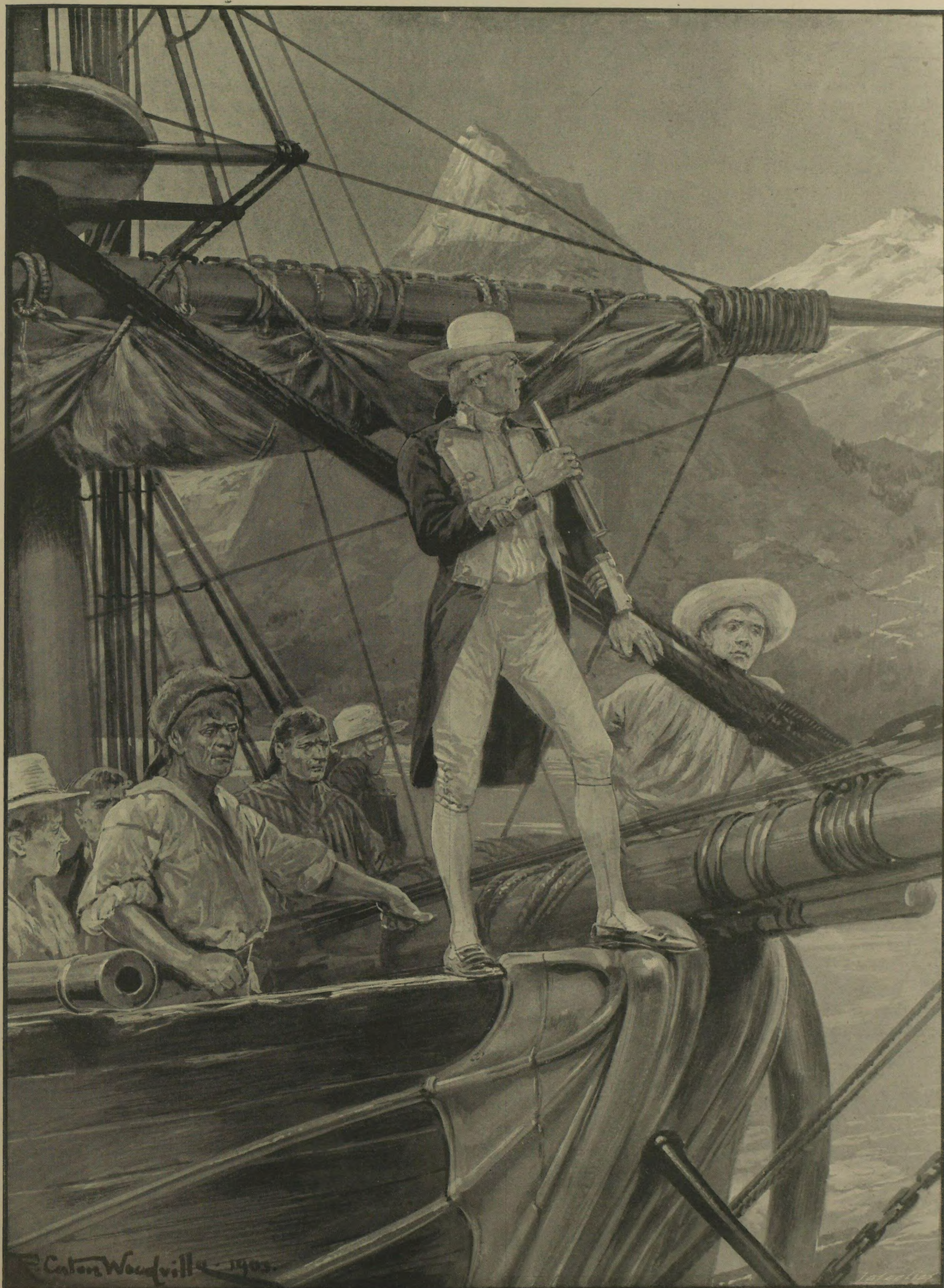
The game between the two Universities on the ground of the Surbiton Cricket Club on February 25 was notable for the speed with which it was played. The Oxford team won by three goals to nil.



PRACTICE FOR THE BOAT-RACE: THE OXFORD CREW ON THE ISIS.

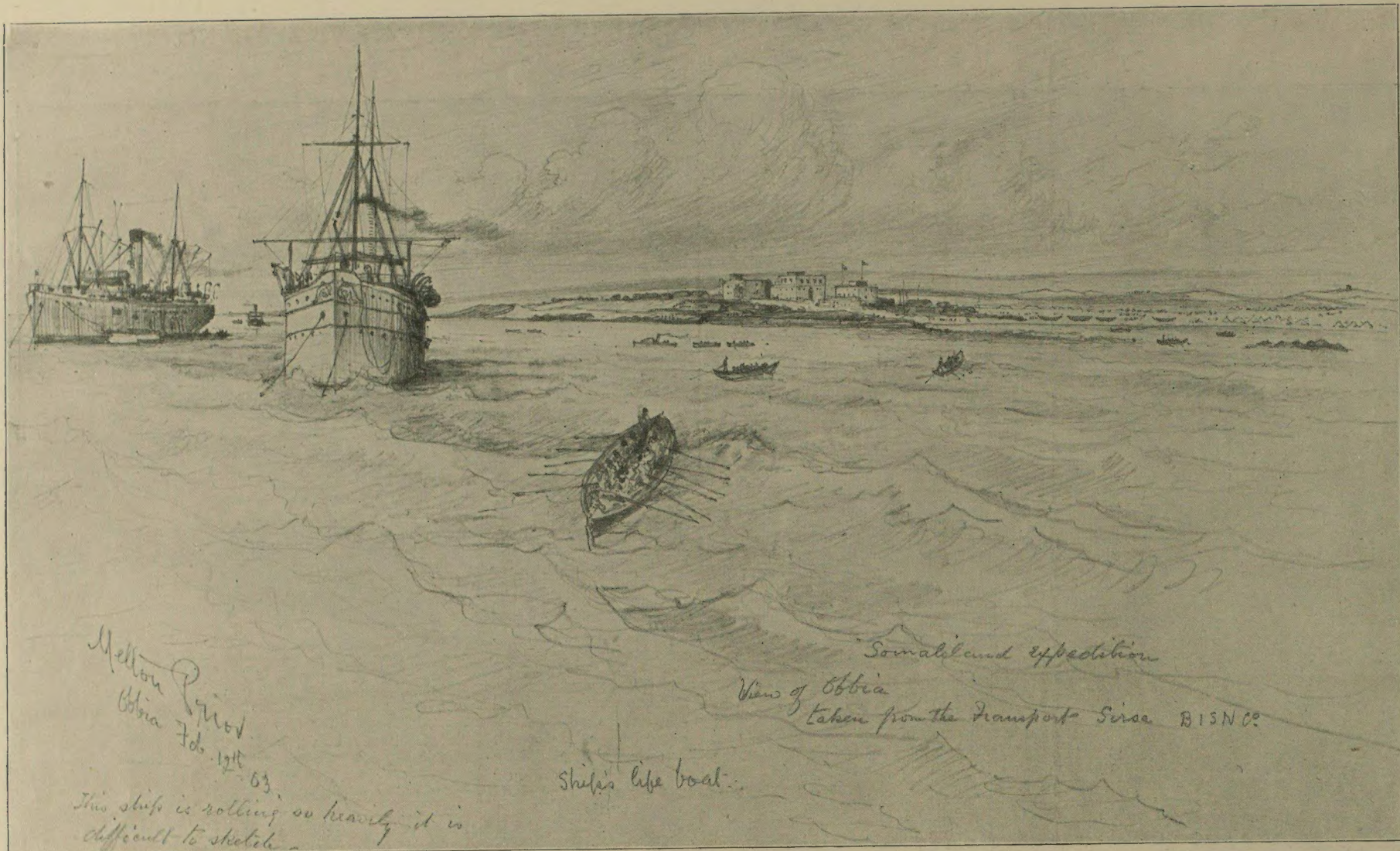
THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No X.: NEW ZEALAND.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE FIRST EUROPEAN TO LAND IN NEW ZEALAND: CAPTAIN COOK CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE ISLAND IN 1769.

New Zealand was discovered in 1642 by Tasman, who did not land there. The first European to set foot on its shores was Captain Cook, who in 1769 spent six months sailing round the island and making fairly complete charts of the inshore waters. The same year, on landing, he took formal possession of the island in the name of George III.



THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: OBBIA, THE BRITISH TEMPORARY BASE, AS SEEN FROM THE TRANSPORT "SIRSA."

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.

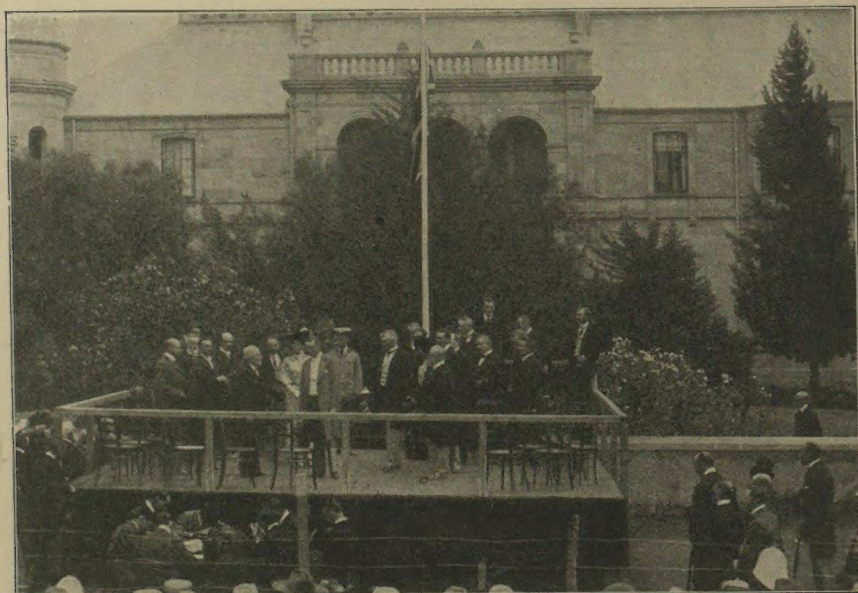
Mr. Melton Prior, reaching Obbia on February 12, found that immediate landing was impossible owing to the heavy surf. Of Obbia he writes: "This looks a barren, miserable spot, one of the worst I have ever seen, the only signs of civilisation being three broken-down houses and a few wretched native huts."



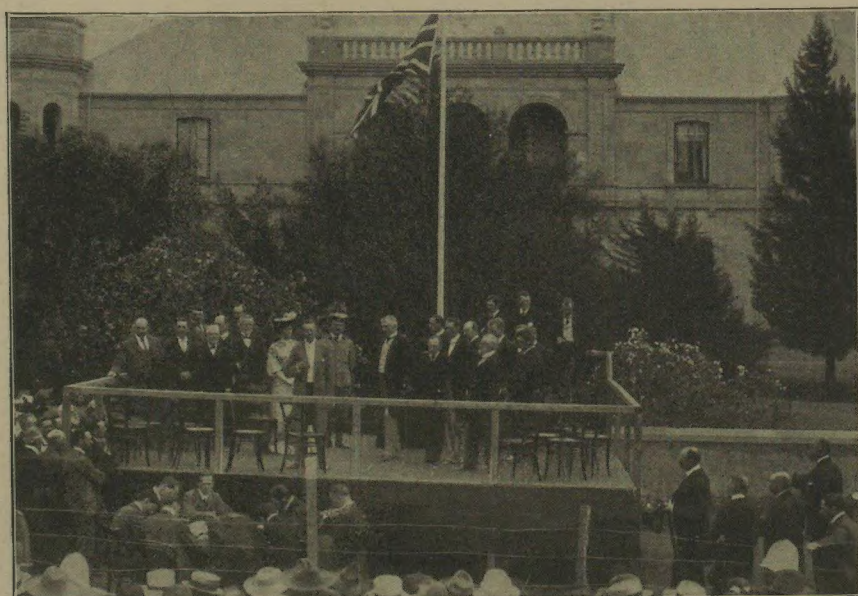
MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S ARRIVAL AT SPITSKOP, FEBRUARY 3.



MRS. CHAMBERLAIN PRESENTING PRIZES AT 'THE RAMBLERS' SPORTS, FEBRUARY 4.



THE MAYOR PRESENTING THE MUNICIPAL ADDRESS TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN, FEBRUARY 5.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN REPLYING TO THE MUNICIPAL ADDRESS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S VISIT TO BLOEMFONTEIN, FEBRUARY 3 TO 9.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FANE

At Spitskop, four miles out of Bloemfontein, the Colonial Secretary was met by a company of mounted men and cyclists, who acted as his escort into the town. The municipal address was presented on a platform erected outside Government Building.

THE SURVIVOR.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.



Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

II.—(Continued.)

"Gad! you are right," Kersleven said. "It is not necessary for a fellow to cough himself to pieces in trying to convince a fool of his folly. Yes, I will have that brandy now, and as quickly as you like. This is a just punishment for wasting precious energies. What does it matter to me what you believe? For Heaven's sake, let me pass to that window, and get some air into my lungs!"

He pushed Martin aside and turned his back on him. His manner was offensive, matching his words. He held the frame of the window while he stood sipping the brandy, and he faced the night. Beyond him lay the silence of the dark, with the dew silvering the lawn, and a dust of stars powdering the patches of open sky. The garden was veiled from its familiar aspect: it was cloaked in grey shadow.

Martin, restraining himself, said: "We have had the room a little too hot this evening, I believe: you will feel it after your open-air existence. . . . Are you quite wise to stand at an open window? I fancy the wind is shifting to the north."

Kersleven wheeled upon him.

"What is that you said?" he demanded.

"I said the wind is turning to the north," Martin answered, staring.

Kersleven seized the window and shut it with a violent haste, in contrast to his former weakness.

"Is that your retort?" he said.

"I do not understand you," Martin said.

Kersleven, halting weakly across the room, turned to look at him, and there was so much active, malicious fear in his countenance that even the purblind Vicar shrank.

"I am not afraid of the north wind," he said; and his face

belied him. "What have I to fear? Do not think you can intimidate me. I have said that you are mad, and that I hold to, in—in spite of all."

He opened the door and went out, and Martin heard him go up to his bed-room. The priest sat down again, and wrestled with the problem of the evening, but Kersleven did not reappear. In the morning there were heavy clouds behind the hills, and the temperature had fallen. As Martin had said, the wind was in the north

III.

Martin had work to do on the farthest boundary of his parish in the afternoon which followed Kersleven's ebullition. He was glad of its existence, for the peace of the house had been disturbed, and there were influences at work the scope of which he could not gauge. Kersleven had kept to his room in the forenoon: when he appeared at lunch he was silent, and he ate little. He looked ghastly, and he had shrunk into himself. He was suffering, mentally and bodily, but he had made it impossible for Martin to offer help or condolence. If

he looked up from the tablecloth it was to peer uneasily at the window, beyond which the trees were interlaced before a threatening sky.

The Vicar left him as soon as the meal was ended. The dining-room was warm, but the hall struck coldly, and the temperature was still falling. He went to the drawing-room, heaped logs upon a blaze already there, and drew the curtains warmly. He folded a rug upon the couch, and then with a final, feminine touch to the bowl of chrysanthemums and the little heap of books, he left the room, to get ready for his tramp.

The cold caught his breath when he opened the door. The robins had ceased to sing; the garden, in the passing of a night, had bowed its head to the yoke of winter. There was no hoarfrost, and the ground was not hard-frozen: the chill was in the air, and it emanated from the cloud-pall, which had deepened to a mauve bank upon the northern horizon.

Change seemed to lurk about the Vicar's way as he strode forward up the village street, and through the naked copse, and on to the uplands. This afternoon, for the first time in open day, loneliness stalked him



Something had taken shape in the whirling snow.

from behind every hedge. His unseen consoler was remote: she was elusive: always a shadow, she was receding into deeper shadows. He walked uncertainly, as a man might upon the brink of a precipice: he was adrift, feeling his way towards a grasp beyond his reach. He was pinched by the ache of solitude; the road rang drearily with his echoing footsteps. Something had lifted the corner of a curtain, and light was streaking in upon his twilight; even in its first wavering rays it was harsh and merciless, and Martin huddled himself within his threatened darkness and closed his eyes against invasion. . . . He assured himself, over and over again during his walk, that if she lingered it was with good reason: if she were distant, it was because he should know, in reunion, the fullness of all that she had been. But still, he went uneasily and cheerlessly, a forlorn being in an icy world. He hurried home when his errand was done, and before the first red roof of Cliffhaven loomed in the dusk, the north wind was flailing a snowstorm out of the stacked grey clouds.

Kersleven was sitting before the study fire when Martin entered to him. There were no signs of his work to be seen; perhaps he had been there, idle, all the afternoon, twisting and untwisting his fingers, his shoulders high, unrest glaring out of the windows of his soul. The Vicar entered thankfully to the familiar atmosphere, grateful for its suggestion of the presence upon which he had learned to rely: it did not seem possible that here, where every nook and corner spoke of her, she could continue to elude him. But at sight of the wretched Kersleven, the chill of something adverse and malign pierced his hopefulness. For the second, a loathing of his guest surged over him. When he had crushed it down again he spoke, and heard his words tumbling unsteadily from his lips.

"You are ill, Kersleven," he said. "You are very ill. Tell me what you are suffering from, and let me help you."

"Yes, I am ill," Kersleven said. He stood up, buttoning his coat across his chest, with the gesture of a being half frozen. The room was warm, and Martin, putting forth a hand, touched his, and found that it was dry and burning.

"You have fever, I am sure," he said.

"I have fever, as you say," Kersleven said; "but it is not one that the doctors can cure. . . . Where have you been this afternoon? I have been alone with all the powers of evil: perhaps your godly company would have kept them off."

Martin recalled the unfriendly influences that had stalked abroad with him that afternoon. Again repulsion against Kersleven and all his ways flooded his soul.

"There is no place for evil in this house," he said. "It is permeated by a memory before which things of darkness could never lift their heads."

Kersleven smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"And you believe that?" he said. "You do not know how much persistence the devil exhibits when it pleases him to torment a man."

Martin watched him, this time with a clearing of comprehension.

"You are afraid," he said. "Of what?"

But Kersleven had swung away from him roughly.

"Bah! I say things I do not mean sometimes," he said. "Half-witted things, suited to my company, no doubt. . . . I do not fear anything. Why should I? I am a sick man, and this biting wind has nipped the marrow in my bones. I am not a toper; but here again, I think, I will take brandy."

He took it, his teeth chattering. Martin was checked; he moved away. He was not unwilling to be kept at arm's length; it was with difficulty that he stayed near the man. He saw that Kersleven had drawn the curtains: he lifted one and perceived that, through the beginnings of the night, the snow was whirling down, eddying and flying past the windows. He opened a book, leaving the fireside to his guest; and he read without lifting his eyes until dinner-time.

After dinner, when the Vicar went to the drawing-room, Kersleven did not accompany him. He hesitated at the door, and Martin suspected that, if he had been pressed, he might have come in. But his society was growing hourly more distasteful: the Vicar was nauseated by the sight of him: and he sighed relief when he turned aside to the stairs. It was not his insolence, not his perpetual restlessness: he aroused, and this more and more strongly as the minutes passed, an antagonism that was swelling to active hatred. That he should be under her roof! There was something monstrous, unnatural, in the thought. . . . Yet, even as he drew his chair up to the couch's company, conscience insisted that Kersleven was in trouble, and that it was a priest's business to succour him. Martin hugged his illusion with a feeling of desperation. Not once or twice, but many times, the thought stabbed through his musings; and at each attack a faint impulse towards helpfulness rose in him. But his courage was sapped: he had been too long out of touch with human woes; he hung back, and saw his resolution wither. The hours passed, and the storm beat at the house; and Kersleven made no reappearance.

At eleven the Vicar went to bed. Sleep, for a wonder, came without wooing as soon as he laid his head upon the pillow.

IV.

Martin awoke with the thick darkness of a shuttered room upon him. At his first waking breath he knew that the storm had not abated: the air was sharp, and windy noises boomed in the chimney. He sat upright, clutching at consciousness, smitten by a terror which waited upon the raising of his eyelids.

He struggled with the sensation, and beat it down. He reached for the matches, and he felt great cold sting his hand and wrist.

The light kindled, he lay back thinking. Something

abnormal was astir in the night. The oppression he had learned to dread was not upon him: for once the unhealed wound forbore to ache; in place of the pain of former nights was a palpitating expectancy, a throb of pulses, that nothing in the quiet bed-room explained. And he saw clearly; his illusion had stayed its hand.

While he lay thus, purged of suffering and still free from hallucination, a sane man facing a deep loneliness, Martin thought of Kersleven. With no clouds to obscure his perception, he could remember that Kersleven had been in distress, and that he had borne, against his own conscience, to help him. He knew at once why he had awakened in dread. It was lest his neglect should have borne fruit, as well it might, in the long hours since he had seen the man. Here was illumination, lighting up the truth. Kersleven, the man who had gazed at him as a madman, Kersleven of the restless eyes and the picking fingers, was himself a wanderer upon the borders of insanity. Left alone, he might have already overstepped them.

The Vicar sprang out of bed and hurried on his clothes. He slipped bare feet into shoes, took up the candle, and unfastened the door. It opened on to the square upper lobby, at one side of which the staircase went with a sharp zigzag to the lower floor. A long, unshuttered window pierced the outer wall; it ended half-way down the stairs, so that a person on the landing could lean over the rail and look through it at the northern corners of the garden.

This, as Martin saw with a start, was what Kersleven was doing. He had walked out in his nightclothes, and he was bending over the balustrade, peering at the world outside.

It was a weird outlook. The snow was tumbling past the glass; and it had been falling for so many hours that everything was covered in a uniform white. It was not very dark: the snow threw off a pale shimmer of its own. Martin, who looked over the other man's shoulder, could see where the lawn should be, and the shrubbery; and even, beyond, he thought he could trace the girdling outline of the down behind the trees.

He let a minute pass without speaking. The storm had enough to say. It cried at the keyholes like a lost soul; wailing noises rose and ebbed round the house. Kersleven's attitude was one of tense preoccupation. He looked as if he were straining his ears to catch every note of the chorus; he was rigid, his hands crooked upon the rail, his neck outstretched. So attentive was he, and so intent upon some midnight matter of imminent concern, that Martin hesitated to accost him. But he remained motionless, hardly breathing; and the whip of the stinging cold lashed the Vicar into interference.

"Kersleven," he said, "what are you doing here? This afternoon you complained of the cold, and here you are courting your death in it. There has not been such a night as this in my memory of Cliffhaven."

Kersleven relaxed his muscles, and came to an upright position without taking his eyes off the window.

"It is colder than this on the ice-fields, you know," he said. "Perhaps I—I understand it. Perhaps it tastes of the Arctic, to me."

"Man, you are freezing!" Martin cried, staring at his blue-drawn face. "Go back to bed, and put your thoughts away, and sleep."

He took a step forward; but he did not follow it up, for Kersleven showed no signs of profiting by his advice. Instead, still upright above the rail, he began to ramble in his speech. The drift of it crept over Martin insidiously, fastening his feet to the spot.

"If I feel to-night's wind here, what of *him*?" He raised his thin finger and pointed at the northern sky, flake-obscured. "What must it be to be out in it, left to it without help or hope or—faith of a friend? Fool!" Kersleven exclaimed in a high-pitched voice that echoed the wind's wail. "Fool, to think he would stay there and suffer it! He was never beaten by man or devil yet."

He spun about, and caught Martin by the coat. Now he poured his words out hotly, hurrying question after question, letting the sentences bubble through his dry lips.

"What—what—what—you must know the reason?—you have not wit enough to see it for yourself? Have you thought what it is like to be starved, and frozen, and beaten by the cursed wind?"

"We threw food away when we were too weak to drag it; but we never gave up *that*. I was half dead, too, and every hummock was a mountain. . . . Then we dragged the sledge, with our treasure on it, in turns."

He paused; but he held Martin in a vice.

"I tell you it was his fault, not mine!" he burst out again. "He was the strong man, who feared nothing and stood at nothing; he should never have fallen as he did. How did I keep myself upon my feet? How could I spare a hand for him? I wanted all for myself. Would you have left the records that thirty men had died to discover? . . . Oh, he was not the only one; there were thirty more."

"He never thought of what I might feel: he wanted me to throw it all away for him, to come back empty-handed. Was that fair? I suffered terribly: it was all frightful. . . . Look at what I am, and remember the man I was! He cried after me: he might have known I should never get the sound out of my ears. He crawled after me on his hands and knees. . . . The coward! Men as good as he have laid down in the snow and died like children going to sleep. But, no! such men as he will not go quietly into death. They fight their way through it, and they follow—follow—follow—"

His voice rose to a shriek.

"I could not wait for the snow to cover him!" he screamed. "He has dogged me all the way; every blast of the north wind brings him. At Spitzbergen I knew he was pursuing; at Leith—at Hull—here. Now the snow drives him—now he creeps through it—oh, I tell you, he

has patience. . . . He called then, and I would not hear; if he calls me now—"

The house glimmered with light: servants' faces appeared about the corridors, eyes and ears agog. Martin, sick with the shame of the man's outpourings, thrust him from him, and cried "Stop!" in desperation.

"There!" raved Kersleven, stabbing the half light with his finger, his eyes upon the garden. "What did I tell you—what did I say? It proves all that I say of him: there was never such a man in the world before. I turned my back on him and his curses, and yet I cannot escape him! No, for he has followed me—hour by hour and day by day—from point to point out of the north, and down, and down, and—here! . . . In the name of what was once between us—for the memory of the things we suffered for together—"

He burst past Martin, his outpourings ending in a strangled cry, and he rushed down the staircase to the hall below.

The Vicar's sight followed the direction that the finger had pointed. There was the snow, eddying beyond the window; there was the pale glint of the frozen garden. Was that all he saw? He hung back; he averted his eyes. The same repugnance with which he had shrunk from Kersleven's moods was heavy upon him now; he was overpowered by a loathing of the things evil and imminent that the wild words still ringing in his ears proclaimed. There was nothing pure and peaceful in the night; it was filled with the suggestion of an alien, hateful presence, a spirit of darkness such as no white flaky pall could cover. Was there no more to be seen than the trees, and the shrubbery, and the faint filmy bosom of the down? Martin covered his eyes for a moment with his hands, lest against his will, they should see the visible expression of the terrors which had besieged Kersleven.

The jar of loosening bolts brought him to his senses; that and an onslaught of wind through an open door. The storm was beating into the hall. Kersleven had unbarred the door, and was gone, half clothed and frantic, into the night.

Martin's new-found manhood stood him in good stead. He darted down the stairs in the impulse of rescue; he snatched a coat and hurried into it; and he plunged into the storm.

There could never have been such snow in Cliffhaven before. It stung the Vicar's face like whips; it impeded his progress, blinding him, snatching his breath, balling under his feet, with the malignancy of a living thing. He staggered through it, fighting his way towards the fleeting figure of Kersleven. It fled before him from the porch to the lawn, and from the lawn through the garden to the wide foreshore.

The sea was crested and sullenly heaving; but here, in the comparative shelter of the hills, it was not clamorous. The spray swept seawards in white drifts; the sand was snow-besattered up to the gleaming boundary of the receding tide. Kersleven raced to the water's edge; and Martin's heart stood still. Then he was eased, for the naturalist wheeled away and began to run wildly along the beach.

He stopped unexpectedly, while Martin was labouring to get within earshot of him. He fell upon his knees.

"MacManus!" he cried.

Something had taken shape in the whirling snow. Martin perceived, or thought that he perceived, through the flickering and zigzagging of the flakes, the outline of a man. He did more than understand Kersleven's abjection; he shared it. It was not pity that rooted him there. He could not have stirred; and the paralysing cold, the cruel lashing of the storm, became suddenly unimportant, subsidiary to the keener pang of an unreasoning, overwhelming fear.

His own condition of mind, which was not produced by any action of remorse or memory, illuminated to him the dark depths of misery that had been Kersleven's prison-house for months. He knew at last; but he was impotent: he was a human being face to face with something superhuman, which was evilly enjoying its hour of triumph.

Kersleven's cry died in his throat. Martin, scant hope or help left in him, prayed. And then help came, and hope, and an end undreamed of to their distresses.

It seemed that the storm abated, though whether that were so in reality Martin could not afterwards determine. The terrible chill certainly hurt him no more, according to the impression he retained. These things were only accessories: the matter that remained graven upon his mind was that, between Kersleven and the spirit that had so long tormented him, there grew into recognition the dear likeness of his own dead wife. To Martin, at least, the cruelty of the tempest waned before it, the stinging wind changed to a milder air. It was calm and serene, as she had been throughout her gentle existence; in its presence the oppressive knowledge of existing evil rolled away like a burden unloosed. And as it passed, the vision of MacManus dwindled and dissolved out of all earthly likeness, and melted into the shifting fragments of the falling snow.

It lived, if it lived at all for the outward eye, no longer than a man could take breath. The Vicar, plunging forward with a cry of rapture, met only the wind and the snow and the wild night, and, lying helpless across his path, Kersleven's senseless body. She had come and gone upon her errand of charity: she left him his task of its fulfilment.

Martin's lost powers of ministration came flooding back to him. He would not see her again until they met in the leal country that had won her: to be fit to meet her as she should be met would take all his self-sacrifice, all his endeavour, in the long, lonely life through which, remembering her, he should find grace to battle.

He looked down at Kersleven, and knelt upon the snow. There was life in his face. He lifted him with difficulty, and carried him back to the house. His awakening, too, would be stripped of shadows and fantasy. He, too, had work to finish in the world.

THE END.

THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO: A CAMPAIGNING SCENE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE MOORISH ARMY ON A NIGHT MARCH.

THE REPORTED BRITISH PURCHASE OF CHILIAN AND ARGENTINE WAR-VESSELS.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE.



Moreno.

Rivadavia.

THE ARGENTINE ARMoured CRUISERS NEGOTIATED FOR BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.



Constitucion.

Libertad.

THE CHILIAN FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIPS NEGOTIATED FOR BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

THE GREAT GALE: SCENES OF HAVOC WROUGHT BY WIND AND SEA.



Photo. Grocock.

THE MAIL TRAIN OVERTURNED BY THE WIND ON THE LEVEN VIADUCT, NEAR ULVERSTON, FEBRUARY 27.

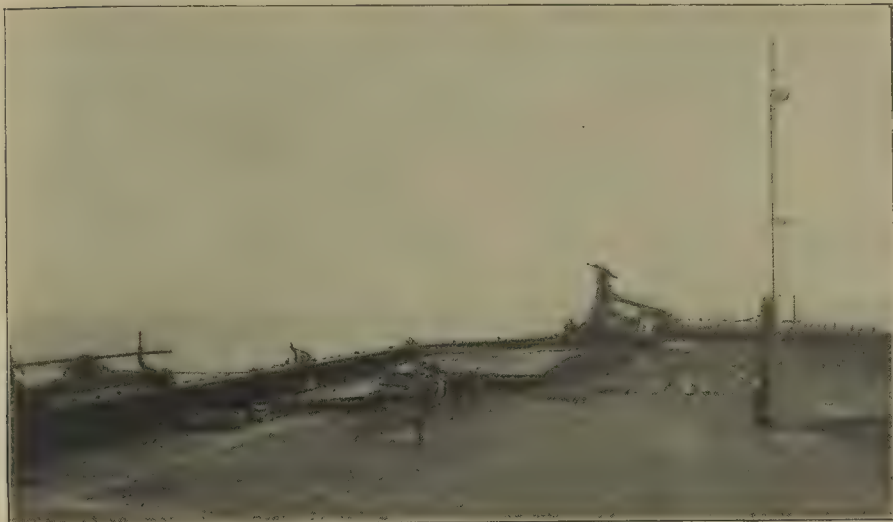


Photo. T. Walls Jones.

THE DAMAGE DONE TO RHYLL PIER, SHOWING THE OVERTURNED KIOSK



THE WEST END OF PIER, MORECAMBE, AFTER THE STORM OF FEBRUARY 27



Photo. A. B. Bellett.

THE WRECK OF THE S.S. "RENWICK" ON GYLLYNGVASE BEACH, FALMOUTH, FEBRUARY 26.



Photo. W. Rose

THE WRECK OF THE "DAISY" IN WHITSAND BAY, NEAR PLYMOUTH.



Photo. Beggs.

THE RUINS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC IRON CHURCH AT GREYSTONES, BLOWN DOWN ON FEBRUARY 26.



A CAVITY
TORN
BY THE SEA
IN THE
PROMENADE
AT DOVER.
Photo. Spicer.



Photo. Spicer.

THE REMAINS OF ST. ELBOD'S CHURCH, HOLYHEAD, DESTROYED BY THE GALE ON FEBRUARY 26.

The train on the Furness Railway had reached the middle of the Leven Viaduct when a furious gust upset it. Forty persons were injured and three are missing. At Rhyll and Morecambe the piers suffered severely. At the latter place two hundred yards of the pier extension were swept away. The s.s. "Renwick," of Newcastle, driven ashore at Falmouth, was bound for Barryport in ballast. The crew were rescued by the coastguard with the breeches-buoy and life-line. The crew of the "Daisy," which was bound from Plymouth to Liverpool, were also rescued. The iron church at Greystones could accommodate eight hundred persons. It withstood the great gale of November 1901, but last week's tempest reduced it to ruins in less than half an hour. In the promenade at Dover several such cavities completely wrecked. It could hold three hundred and fifty persons.

THE GREAT GALE: SCENES OF THE TEMPEST ON THE CLYDE.

DRAWN BY RAIPH CLEAVER FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE CLYDE.



1. THE WAVES LASHING OVER THE "DEAD SLOW" MARK AT BOWLING HARBOUR.

3. THE SCENE AT GREENOCK QUAY, FEBRUARY 26: THE WAVES COMING OVER THE PIER AND BEATING AGAINST THE ADJOINING BUILDINGS.

5. MILTON ISLAND UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS.

6. THE PERILS OF REPAIRING THE TELEGRAPH WIRE: A WORKMAN BLOWN FROM HIS LADDER ON CLYDESIDE.

2. BOWLING HARBOUR IN ORDINARY WEATHER.

4. MILTON ISLAND SUBMERGED: WAVES BREAKING OVER THE FUNNEL OF A CLYDE TRUST BARGE.

7. RATS TAKING REFUGE IN TREES ON MILTON ISLAND.

THE GREAT GALE: SCENES OF HAVOC ON THE CLYDE.

DRAWN BY C. DE LACY FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE CLYDE.



THE WAVES LASHING OVER THE NORTH BRITISH RAILWAY BREAKWATER AT DUNGLASS CASTLE.

The waves on the Firth of Clyde were of unprecedented height. By noon on February 27 the wind blew a hurricane, and all craft ran for shelter.



DUMBARTON GOLF COURSE UNDER WATER.

From the heights of Dumbarton there rushed a cascade two hundred feet high, with grandly picturesque effect.

THE BRITISH OPERATIONS IN SOMALILAND: SCENES OF THE PREPARATION FOR THE GENERAL ADVANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN EXPEDITIONARY OFFICER.



THE HEAD OF A COLUMN ON THE MARCH.

THE MULLAH'S RESIDENCE FOR SEVEN MONTHS: A STOCKADED HUT AT HERAN, NEAR MUDUG.
A SEVEN-POUNDER GUN AND NATIVE TEAM.

MAKING AN ABATTIS, OR, WOOD ENTANGLEMENT.

A ZAREBA, LARGELY NATURAL.
ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH.

THE CAMEL CORPS AT DRILL.

THE MAIN BERBERA ROAD.
PLACING THE SEVEN-POUNDER GUN ON A CAMEL.

On February 28 the officer commanding at Bohotic was under orders to get everything in readiness. This is held to imply that the general advance is imminent.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Red House. By E. Nesbit. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The Glittering Road. By W. A. Mackenzie. (London: Ward, Lock. 6s.)
The Templars. By E. H. Lacon Watson. (London: Arnold. 6s.)
Robert Buchanan: Some Account of His Life, His Life's Work, and His Literary Friendships. By Harriett Jay. (London: Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)
The Comrades. By William Canton. (London: Isbister. 5s.)
The Stuarts. By J. J. Foster. Two vols. (London: Dickinson. £10 10s.)

"My dear," I said, "we are ruined!" "Oh, Len! are we really?" said Chloe, much interested. "Yes," I said firmly; "my Uncle James has died, and he has left us two hundred a year and a house." The house

Mr. Lacon Watson finds cause to remark: "If I were attempting (which, fortunately, I am not) to weave a romance out of the scattered threads of my friend Thurketyl's life, instead of tracing such parts of his career as seem to me in some sort connected with the fortunes of a much more important family . . ." We cannot agree that the Templars as a family are more important than Thurketyl. It is the wavering of the Quixotic student—Wrangler, gardener, and trooper between the toil of the mind and the toil of the body that fascinates us, rather than the love of Ruth, the gentlemanliness of her father, the pleasant garrulity of her mother, the cheap cynicism and banter of Charley, the churlishness of Harriet, and the unobtrusiveness of Harry. On the whole, Mr. Lacon Watson's story, written in a gossipy but not ineffective style, presenting no problems, and pandering to no morbid taste for the melodramatic, is a welcome change after the unwholesome "books with a purpose" with which the libraries have of late years been inundated.

In one matter Robert Buchanan has been fortunate far above his fellows. Few men have had a more sympathetic, a more loyal, and a more discreet biographer than this unfortunate man of genius, whose life should prove a terrible object-lesson to all those anxious to adopt a purely literary career. What if Miss Jay has, when dealing with her adopted father, been "to his virtues very kind and to his faults a little blind"? She has evidently striven to tell the truth honestly even concerning the famous "Fleshly School" episode, which undoubtedly did much to injure permanently Buchanan's reputation as a man and as a writer. Further, the author of this most interesting and pathetic book—the most pathetic volume of the kind published since the autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant—has as far as possible allowed her hero, for so he undoubtedly was, to speak for himself. That she did so adds greatly to the value of the volume, and will give every intelligent person who reads between the lines a fairly accurate idea of Buchanan's strangely complex personality. As Miss Jay naively observes in her preface, "a careful study of his diaries, and some of the private papers which he left behind him, revealed to me certain phases of his character of which I had no previous knowledge whatever." Perhaps the most interesting chapters in the book are those dealing with Robert Buchanan's early childhood, boyhood, and flight to London in 1859. Much has been said concerning the evil effects of a spoilt childhood;

but it may be honestly doubted whether Buchanan would have been different from what he was had he been brought up in the most severe and well-regulated Scottish home, instead of in the luxurious Bohemian atmosphere which seems to have been created round him by his over-indulgent mother and kindly, gifted, unpractical father. Infinitely sad, and of course in no sense new to the world of letters, is the poignant story of David Gray, the young Scottish poet-friend of Buchanan, whose letters, written to his parents after his disastrous journey south, where he had hoped to conquer fame and fortune, are among the most terrible ever published, and of which perhaps the best known and the most often quoted is that containing the passage: "I do not know whether I shall be able to come back—sleeping none at night—crying out for my mother, and her so far away. Oh, God! I wish I were home, never to leave it more. Tell everybody that I am coming back, coming back no better—worse, worse. . . . Get my own little room ready—quick, quick! Have it all tidy and clean and cosy against my home-coming. I wish to die there, and nobody shall nurse me except my own dear mother, ever, ever again." Small wonder that the experience of his unhappy friend's poverty, illness, and death left a permanent mark on Buchanan's soul, and influenced for ever his views of life. There are many painful episodes in this book, passages where Buchanan apparently displays almost vulgar ingratitude to the famous men and women who seem, on the whole, to have been remarkably kind to him; but it must be remembered in this connection that anything like undeserved prosperity apparently roused the most unreasonable anger and hatred in his nature. Miss Jay tells with simple pathos the story of the one episode in Buchanan's life which may be said to have been hidden from even his most intimate later friends. I refer to the illness and death of his beautiful and beloved wife. With her, all that was best and finest in his nature seems to have gone, or at least become sadly atrophied. He gave himself up—though it is difficult to see why he should have done so—to what Miss Jay styles "much ignoble pot-boiling"; and though it is admitted that he made very large sums of money by so doing, he became involved in a tangle of pecuniary difficulties. Considering all these things, perhaps his death in the sixtieth year of his age should not be wholly a grief to the small group of friends who remained faithful to him to the last.

The Comrades of Mr. Canton's verses are himself and his little girl. The nineteenth century may be permitted a boast not yet made for it in distinguishable terms—its poets discovered the child. Until then his appearances in poetry had been infrequent and conventional; he was an incumbrance, a ridiculous person, a much disguised blessing. The early nineteenth-century had not shaken off the conventions, though it was beginning to move uneasily beneath them. Then there came forth the child as the delight, as the reconciler, as the prophet, as the trailer of Heaven's glory, as all, in short, that Blake, Wordsworth, Patmore, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, Stevenson, Thompson, have made him. Among living verse-makers of their kind we may boldly cite Mr. William Canton. In his latest volume he has gathered together rhymes new and old, the best of them revealing a note of intimacy, of lover-like friendship with "the darling Young." In many additional pieces, not definitely devoted to childhood, imagination and expression are aptly mated.

The portraiture of the romantic but corrupt race of the Stuarts was an almost inevitable bait for the learned industry of Mr. J. J. Foster, historian of the British miniature-painters; and the two fine volumes which he has now produced under the title of "The Stuarts" are well worthy of his antiquarian skill. The main scheme of the undertaking is set forth in the sub-title, which describes the work as "Illustrations of the Personal History of the Family, especially of Mary Queen of Scots, in Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Century Art." The greatest collections have been laid under willing tribute, and to Windsor Mr. Foster acknowledges a primary indebtedness, remarking with pardonable gratification that her late Majesty, having accepted the dedication of the author's book on miniatures, graciously permitted him to have access to the art treasures of Windsor for this work also, in the subject of which Queen Victoria took the deepest personal interest. That many of the portraits are very old friends—Van Dyck, of course, has it all his own way at one period—need be no reproach to these two volumes, on which no trouble or expense has been spared. Reproductive methods have given of their best, and one need not be a Stuart bigot to welcome Mr. Foster's work to the library table. The list of Mary Stuart's portraits is almost complete, and includes the curious "memorial" portrait at Blairs (not Blair's) College, which contains a quaint miniature representing the last scene in the hall of Fotheringay. With this for local colour (in a literal sense) and the records of the well-known authorities, Mr. Foster has striven to reconstruct as graphically as possible the last act of the Queen's tragedy. More welcome, because less familiar, are the reproductions of innumerable miniatures, jewels, and



MISS HAMILTON.—BY LELY.

Reproduced from "The Stuarts," by Permission of Messrs. Dickinson.

is "The Red House," and thither Mrs. Nesbit presently transports the married lovers whose story it is her purpose to unfold. And surely, more charmingly foolish lovers have seldom trod the pages of fiction. Their ignorance, in a worldly sense, seems to be matched only by their innocence, but love and a young person yept Yolande prove a sufficient safeguard. The situation may or may not be probable, but the treatment is all that could be desired; if anything, Mrs. Nesbit is more natural and charming, more absolutely mistress of her subject, when she writes of love than when she deals with children. There is a finesse, a sureness of touch, a delicacy of reserve combined with a glorious frankness, to be found in these pages that are in these days all too rare. And love, like the equatorial sun at noon, casts no shadow: it is perfect, sufficient, enduring. If the reader had nothing else for which to thank Mrs. Nesbit, he might still be grateful for this one feature.

First and foremost Mr. W. A. Mackenzie is a poet, and because he is a poet he has in "The Glittering Road" achieved a distinct success. His story has an element of improbability, but the things that really matter he has grasped and most forcibly depicted: strong love, strong hate, the quick heroic blood that fires men to action, and that spirit of romance that is powerful enough to dominate even the practical mind of the Orange King. For inspiration in this part of his story Mr. Mackenzie is probably directly indebted to Sir A. L. Jones, to whom the book is dedicated. In any case, the idea of the commercial man, with his many interests, vast wealth, and much power, is excellently worked out and refreshingly novel: the possibilities of a man who can command a fleet and half a million of money are indeed great, and Mr. Mackenzie makes skilful use of them. Hector Grant, who leaves "the loathly London mud" and a journalistic career to set an injured Queen upon her throne, is a gallant figure, fulfilling every demand which the reader can have to make, even to that of dying gladly when his task is done.

He had for comrades Love and Dreams—
And was content.

In these lines we have perhaps the secret of Mr. Mackenzie's success: he is imbued with the pure spirit of romance. It is almost inevitable, however, that when a poet betakes himself to prose, some trace of his higher vocation shall linger in his style, not altogether to its advantage. But this is a minor point.

"The Templars" represents the apotheosis of the obvious in fiction: the intelligent will find no difficulty in anticipation. It does not require supernatural power to foresee that the troublous and erratic course of the loves of Thurketyl and Ruth Templar will eventually run smooth, any more than it does to predict that Thurketyl will eventually return to the mode of life for which he was educated. Towards the end of his novel



THE YOUNG PRETENDER DISGUISED AS "BETTY BURKE."

Reproduced from "The Stuarts," by Permission of the Publishers.

medals bearing Stuart portraits and devices. On the exquisite care and delicacy with which these have been presented, Mr. Foster must be heartily congratulated; and with regard to his pictures of relics, while we are somewhat weary of shirts worn by Charles I. on the scaffold, the happy thought that reproduced the reputed garment in its original delicate blue is a point scored for curious knowledge. Coming to the Restoration period, we have, of course, the inevitable Lely gallery of Whitehall frailty. Among the Lelys, but in contrast, comes the lively and irreproachable Miss Hamilton, whose exquisite portrait, now in the collection of the King, we are permitted to publish. We also give the print (the property of Miss Warrender) of Bonnie Prince Charlie disguised as Flora Macdonald's maid, "Betty Burke." Of the text it need only be said that it is non-controversial.

THE CAUSE OF THE KANO OPERATIONS: THE SOKOTO BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN OFFICER OF THE COMMISSION.



PART OF THE OLD MUD FORT AT YELWA, THE CONCENTRATION POINT FOR SOKOTO.

HOUSES RAISED ON STONES IN THE DAMP ISLAND VILLAGES OF THE NIGER.

UNLOADING CANOES AT DOLE FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE OVERLAND JOURNEY TO SOKOTO.

NATIVE CARRIERS RECEIVING THEIR LOADS FOR THE OVERLAND MARCH.

A MEMORIAL AT FORT YELWA TO LIEUTENANT KEATING AND A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER KILLED NEAR YELWA IN 1898.

AN OFFICER'S QUARTERS AT YELWA FORT, SIX HUNDRED MILES UP THE NIGER.

THE BRITISH COMMISSION HALTING FOR LUNCH DURING THE CANOE JOURNEY.

THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE LEAVING THE CANOES AT DOLE. CARRIERS BEGINNING THE MARCH TO SOKOTO.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have been perusing with deep interest a letter written by Sir T. Lauder Brunton, M.D., on National Health and Physical Education. So earnest are his intentions, so obviously true his views, and so thoroughly applicable his opinions to the cause of national prosperity, that one wishes his words could be circulated throughout the land. To parents and guardians, to the youth of the nation, to legislators, and even to the Minister of War, Sir T. Lauder Brunton's remarks are of deep concern. It is an easy task to show that national health, as Emerson and Franklin both put it, implies national wealth, or in other words, national prosperity. We all desire to raise a nation not of weaklings, but of stalwarts, not of bodies which are enfeebled and which succumb long before the appointed time, but of frames robust, sound, well-knit, and capable of doing the nation's work effectively. Spencer's dictum that the first condition for success in life is to be "a fine animal," re-echoes these truths.

The evidence that we required to be duly warned against the progress of physical deterioration is only too obvious and patent. Decay of this kind is all the more dangerous because it is insidious in its onset and in its progress alike. The helpful idea is that of Sir John Simon, who long ago in one of his admirable addresses on public health showed that physical and hygienic advance is really cumulative in its character. A slight improvement in the health of one generation becomes intensified in the next. Thuswise Dame Nature encourages her big family that they grow not weary in well-doing for themselves and for those who are to come after them. Sir T. Lauder Brunton says truly that it is staggering to learn that out of every five candidates for the Army only two are found to be fit for service after two years. Long ago, in writing of the young recruit, Sir W. Aitken spoke of the breakdown which results in a proportion of cases from the hardships of the drill. He argued that, as the skeleton was not fully formed at the date of enlistment, the drill should be modified to suit nature and development. But the matter goes deeper than this. Even reasonable drill, which will benefit a sound frame, will overthrow a weakly one. If we are to start with bodies that are physically imperfect, we should only be playing the part of foolish optimists if we expected good results from any ordinary training.

We are reminded that the lapse of the recruits indicates probably not a weakness of the whole population, but only of a certain section. Feats of strength and endurance are common, it is argued, and the sports of the classes are quoted with the view of supporting the idea that their physique, so far from exhibiting evidence of deterioration, shows signs of improvement. This may be true; but one swallow does not make a summer, and that in all classes, and especially among the masses, there is existent a slow but sure process of degeneration, represents an opinion for which it is to be feared there are only too evident grounds and proofs to be found. It is the condition of the masses, of those from whose ranks the Army strength is recruited, which forms the chief subject of Sir T. Lauder Brunton's criticism. Weak marries weak, he says, in this class, and, as a natural consequence, begets weak. Medical and sanitary science to-day preserves the weak from premature extinction, and so far tends to swell the ranks of the non-efficient. What is wanted is that the same care and teaching applied to the preservation of the weak should be directed to make the people strong. This task should present no antecedent difficulties, provided it be undertaken by the proper authorities and in the proper way.

We are told, and perhaps rightly, that as the matter is a national one, we must look to Government to undertake the work of physical regeneration. It must be a universal labour. Had we a Board of Health as we have a Board of Trade, things might be contrived readily enough. Sir T. Lauder Brunton suggests this much, and also demands a Commission to elucidate the causes of physical decay, and the means of remedying it. Somehow or other I have small faith in Commissions. They are necessary, often useful, I doubt not; but the evidence they collate slips away out of mind, and remains buried in Blue Books which one meets with sooner or later on old bookstall shelves. Why should not Parliament boldly tackle the matter as it is trying its by no means 'prentice hand on the housing problem, which, by the way, represents one flank of the national health question? Social reforms are in the air, and now is an opportunity for some party, ignoring for a time Irish grievances, Scottish Home Rule, and even the settlement of South Africa, to turn its eyes homewards, and investigate and legislate for this great matter of national health. Surely if the professional tippler has been made the object of paternal care, the bodies of the weaklings should similarly be regarded as worthy of legislation.

I admit that this is a very big question, but then the larger the area, the greater the necessity that it should be dealt with by the nation at large, and by the nation's full powers as represented in Parliament. Specially am I interested in all these matters. For more than twenty years have I been preaching the gospel of hygiene as Combe Trust lecturer, endeavouring in my small way to carry out the ideas of George Combe, who long ago recognised that the knowledge of health-laws and the practice of them lies at the root of all our happiness and welfare. One man or one trust, however, can do but little. I know the eagerness with which such knowledge is welcomed. I have hopes that it is acted upon when it is taught and when it is appreciated. But we want such teachings nationalised. Instead of cutting hygiene out of school-teaching, "My Lords" would be wiser if they insisted upon its being taught universally.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

J W THOMPSON (Budapest).—We regret we cannot explain to you in our limited space our system of notation; but if you will apply to the British Chess Company, Stroud, Gloucestershire, they will send you a little book giving full explanation.

ETHEL PARKER (Eastbourne).—We fear you overlook the reply i. K takes Kt, and there is no mate on either the first or the second.

IRVING CHAPIN (Philadelphia).—Received with thanks; we trust to find it as good as yours usually are.

R BEE (Cowpen).—Thanks; it shall have attention.

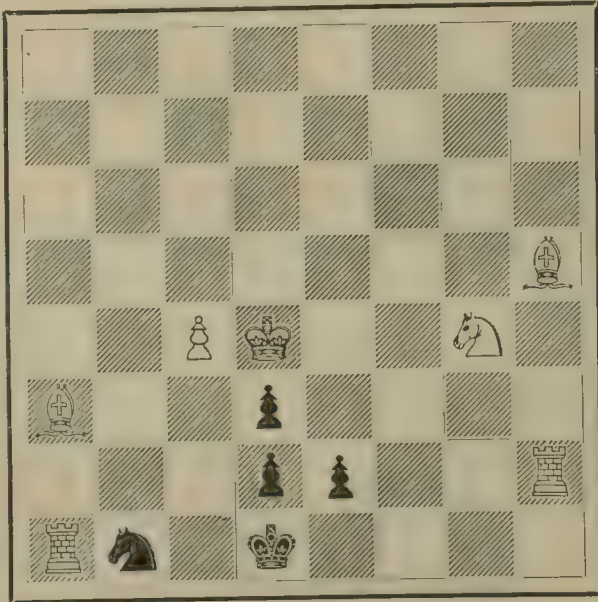
F EVANS (Torquay).—Unless they are contained in the magazine you mention, we have no knowledge of their existence elsewhere.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3064 received from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 3065 from Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia); of No. 3066 from Charles Field Junior (Athol, Mass.) and Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia); of No. 3067 from the Reading Society (Corfu), G C B, and Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia); of No. 3068 from Charles H Allen, A J Allen (Hamstead), the Reading Society (Corfu), C E W (Hertford), Basil Tree (Camberwell), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), T Smith (Brighton), S S Summers (Gloucester), A G (Pancova), E E Hiley (Ebbor Wells), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J D Tucker (Ilkley), and W d'A Barnard (Uppingham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3069 received from T Roberts, Albert Wolff (Putney), James W North, Edith Corser (Reigate), R Worters (Canterbury), Captain Barnes, W D Easton (Sunderland), H J Plumb (Wotton-under-Edge), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Reginald Gordon, J W (Campsie), Hereward, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Shadforth, H Le Jeune, Charles Burnett, F H Henderson (Leeds), Martin F, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), S S Summers (Gloucester), R Thompson (Bristol), Thomas Herbert Martin (Chelmsford), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3068.—By F. W. WYNNE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to B 5th Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3071.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN YORKSHIRE.

Game played in match Manchester v. Bradford between Messrs. MILNER (Bradford) and KELLY (Manchester).
(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. B to K 3rd	P to K R 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	13. P to Q 4th	Kt to Kt 5th
3. P to Q 3rd		14. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th
		15. P takes B P	B takes P
		16. B to Q 3rd	

There is no serious objection to this move, except that it gives the attack over to Black.

4. B to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	17. Q takes B	B takes R
5. Castles	B to B 4th		R takes Kt
6. P to B 3rd	Castles		
7. B to Kt 5th	P to Kt 3rd		
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to Q 3rd		
9. Kt to B 4th	Kt to K 2nd		

To dispose of the Bishop. There is nothing except danger to White in B takes Kt.

10. Kt takes B	B to K 3rd	18. Q takes Kt	Q to R 5th
11. P to Q R 3rd	R takes Kt	19. P to K R 3rd	R takes R P
12. P to B 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd	20. P takes R	Q takes P

A poor position. P to Q 4th seems the best chance.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Monte Carlo Tournament between Messrs. G. MAROCZY and J. TAUBENHAUS.
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Kt (Q4) to B 3rd	Kt to R 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Q to B 2nd	
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd		
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd		
5. Castles	B to K 2nd		

Judging from recent criticism and the result of this game, it may perhaps be assumed that this developing move is perfectly sound, and more favourable to the defence than Kt takes P, with its well-known continuations.

6. R to K sq	P to Q 3rd	16. Q to B 3rd	Kt to B 5th
7. B takes Kt (ch)		17. Kt to R sq	P to K B 3rd
		18. R to K 3rd	Q to K 2nd
		19. K Kt to Kt sq	Q to B 2nd
		20. Q R to K sq	B to B 3rd
		21. P to B 3rd	P to B 4th
		22. P to Kt 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
		23. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
		24. P takes P	P to B 5th
		25. Q to B sq	Kt takes P
		26. Q to B 2nd	Q to K 3rd
		27. Kt to B sq	B to K 2nd
		28. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to K R 5th
		29. R (K sq) to K 2	R to K 3rd
		30. Q takes B	B takes Kt
		31. Q to K sq	R to Kt 3rd
		32. R takes Kt	Kt takes R
		33. R to K 2nd	R to K B sq
		34. K takes R	Q to Kt 4th (ch)

The exchange is doubtful policy, to say the least, the Bishop being a useful factor in the attack. White might rather go on with P to B 3rd, or Kt to B 3rd.

8. P to Q 4th	P takes B	15. Q takes P	Kt to B 5th
9. Kt takes P	P takes P	16. Q to B 2nd	P to K B 3rd
10. P to Q B 4th	B to Q 2nd	17. Kt to R sq	Q to K 2nd
11. Kt to Q 2nd	Castles	18. R to K 3rd	Q to B 2nd
12. P to Q Kt 3rd	R to K sq	19. K Kt to Kt sq	B to B 3rd
13. B to Kt 2nd	B to K B sq	20. Q R to K sq	P to B 4th

Usually leading to very interesting play, but nothing comes of it here.

13. P to Q B 4th	White resigns.
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NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

AN ANGLER'S DIFFICULTIES.

Twice before I had been granted a day on U.'s fine trout section of the Don, and on both occasions the weather was so prohibitive that it would have been madness to venture forth. But the third time, making sure of favourable atmospheric conditions; I realised my dream. The forecast was the reverse of favourable. It had poured in torrents on the Friday evening, and when at midnight I scanned the prospect from my front door, the rain was still descending, driving showers and squalls from the north-west succeeding each other with ever-increasing violence. Yet the morning was really fair, although the big black clouds in the north, floating like huge bombards of sack, did not inspire great confidence. A swift train and a short walk soon brought me to the water's edge. The river is swollen and slightly turbid, but not too much either way to make fly-fishing an impossibility, though calling for somewhat larger flies than usual at this season. I set up my rod, and with a well-tied March-Brown for my point-fly, begin at once. The sun, at this moment finding an opening in the thick envelope of cloud, sent forth a feeble attempt at a smile; the air for ten minutes felt warm, and a quick response came from the larks, who soon made the welkin ring with their jubilant choruses—east, west, north, and south. Cheering certainly, but as yet you have not seen a rise, nor a floating fly. Next cast you see a beauty, golden against the dark background of water, just glimpse where your March-Brown is in mid-stream, and at once your reel sings out, adding its music to the larks' concert. The river, though deep and heavy, has not at this place much current, and the buoyant and vigorous strength of your fish leaves him for a time full master of the situation. Now up stream, now down, now away from you, now coming nearer, he plies the well-known tactics of his tribe; but all will not do; he is ultimately exhausted, and duly netted and basketed—a full pound. A promising beginning, truly, and if the blink would only last you would soon have lively times; but yon black, frowning cloud, which has been looming darkly on the horizon since you began, is being gradually sucked in from the north, and the sunshine is finally blotted out, the air bites keener, and before you have grassed your second and smaller trout, the squall is upon you, blowing your line in all directions at once, the hail stinging your ears to an agony of irritation, and whipping your waterproof about your legs with resounding flaps. There is no shelter near, so you put your back to the storm and strive to keep your flies on the water. The sleety rain runs off your waterproof cap down the nape of your neck, and very soon your collar is a pulp; the larks are deluged into silence; and the cattle, which were lazily biting the grass, huddle into a sheltered hollow, turn their tails to the blast, and with drooping heads stand silent and patiently enduring; the landscape is blotted out, the river becomes inky in hue, and the wavelets dance with fierce energy from bank to bank. Thoughts of inglorious retreat crowd into your mind; only you are a full mile from the railway-station, and it may be merely a squall which will pass, so you resolve to hold on. The rain, however, beats mercilessly on your now drenched figure; and but that your sense of humour comes to your relief and sets you laughing at the absurd figure you must cut to a chance spectator, you would feel miserable indeed. What a subject for scathing sarcasms from the mouths of non-angling and unsympathetic friends who might see you in this awkward plight! But the withering ironies of such hypothetical critics of the joys of fishing trouble you not. You persevere; you must take the good with the bad. Only it is a little trying, when you had merely a single day; an ill-luck would seem to dog your steps when you think of catching trout in this bit of the river.

Slowly you work downwards, past the rabbit-warren, past the island, past the burn, till you reach the bridge, which throws its two arches over the river. The third arch is not required for the stream, and you are fain to shelter yourself under its roof and snatch a hasty and uncomfortable lunch, but the drip-drip of the percolating raindrops is depressing. So, heartened by your modest refectory, you plunge again into the storm. And now the north wind is behind you, and you can cast right up to the opposite bank, but the rain beats ceaselessly on. However, you seem to have hit on the fish; first one, and then another comes at your fly, and though there are necessarily many misses, you secure one after one till a good dozen find their way to your creel. A bigger fellow than usual snaps your leading fly, chafed as it is by hard casting. It is no easy matter to tie on another in such a wind, with fingers numbed and everything wet. Still, it has to be done, however clumsily, and at once you are into another good trout, who careers in spasmodic runs till the limit of exhaustion subdues his activity. You are stretching over the high bank, landing-net in hand, when the slippery edge, sodden with rain into a greasy pulp, slides from beneath your feet, and before you can count six, you are thigh-deep in the icy stream. This makes you gasp, but you secure your fish, and with some difficulty scramble back to terra infirma. It is the last straw; dripping and shivering, you discover that you have just time to catch the next train, and in five minutes you are in full retreat. On the way the blast relaxes, the clouds soar off, the blue sky peeps out, the larks resume their interrupted songs, and the swallows begin to skim in graceful sweeps over the now restful surface of the stream. You are sorry to go, but with at least a dozen prime trout in your basket and a sense of difficulties overcome, you feel heroic, notwithstanding an undoubted cold in the head and a strange sense of discomfort all over your body. As sequel, there may perchance be a fee to Aesculapius should the local train dawdle unduly, a thing not unknown in these parts, and give the chill time to develop. But of that it is not well to think, so in Emersonian vein you comfort yourself with a meditation on compensation, of a transcendental, not a legal kind. It was in truth a diabolical day, and your experiences will not bear repetition; but you have proved U.'s water, and some day you will profit by your observations, when Providence is more kind and the weather less savage.



MOROCCO AS A SUPPLY-BASE FOR GIBRALTAR: SHIPPING CATTLE AT TANGIER FOR THE GARRISON AT THE ROCK.

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. BUSHBY.

The animals are driven into the water, and are then hoisted by main force on board the barges—a work of no small difficulty in the heavy surf.

LIEUTENANT BOYD ALEXANDER.—[Photo. Jacquette.]



RECENT ORNITHOLOGICAL RESEARCH IN FERNANDO PO: THE TREE-WARBLER DISCOVERED BY MR. BOYD ALEXANDER.

DRAWN BY H. GRÖNVOLD.

Mr. Boyd Alexander, who last autumn began a complete ornithological survey of Fernando Po, the chief island in the Bight of Biafra, has collected nearly five hundred specimens, representing sixty-eight species. Thirty-six of these have proved new to science, including three genera, the most remarkable one of which is figured here. This elegant little Tree-Warbler was found only on high altitudes. It seems to revel in the misty surroundings of the mountain, travelling with dancing flight from one tall tree to another.

ANOTHER ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS ELEPHANT FOR AMERICA.

ILLUSTRATION BY LANCELLES.



A SECOND "JUMBO": "JINGO," THE GREAT AFRICAN ELEPHANT SOLD TO AN AMERICAN EXHIBITOR, FEBRUARY 22.

The history of "Jumbo" is in a measure to be repeated, for the largest elephant at the "Zoo" has been purchased by the "Animal King of America."
"Jingo" was two years old when "Jumbo" was sold, twenty-one years ago.

1
Regular care of the teeth is an absolute necessity. That the teeth should be daily cleaned is of greater importance than that the face should be daily washed.

2
An impure mouth is the best possible incubator for all kinds of pathogenous germs, and consequently directly dangerous to health. The uncared-for, damaged teeth offer a perpetual starting-point for all kinds of mischief, and particularly for disorders of the stomach; whilst keeping the mouth pure conduces directly to a general sense of health.

3
Every man owes a debt of life-long gratitude to the medical man or the friend who persuades him to attend to his teeth.

4
All leading specialists in the domain of dental hygienics are agreed that the mechanical cleansing of the teeth with the tooth-brush, though primarily necessary, is not alone sufficient. The simultaneous use of an antiseptic mouth-wash is absolutely necessary.

5
The ideal mouth-wash should possess the following properties—

- (a) It should be non-poisonous, and absolutely innocuous alike to the teeth and to the mucous membrane.
- (b) It should be sufficiently antiseptic.
- (c) It should have a pleasant taste and smell.

6
The consensus of leading specialists* declares that Odol satisfies the three requirements above mentioned more perfectly than any other preparation for cleansing the mouth and teeth. For this reason Odol must be pronounced as the best of all mouth-washes at present known.

The enormous importance of the unique superiority Odol possesses should be clearly understood. While all other

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LADIES' PAGE.

The Duke and Duchess of Somerset lent the reception-rooms of their beautiful house in Grosvenor Square for a couple of days recently for the display and sale of a number of pictures and black-and-white work presented to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Two of the drawing-rooms were cleared of most of their furniture in order to make room for the picture exhibition, a third, left in its ordinary condition and divided from the others by a rope, gave a fascinating peep of old Louis Seize gilt furniture upholstered in sea-green. The Duchess opened the bazaar in an informal



A WHITE CLOTH COAT.

manner in the morning, but the bulk of the visitors came in the afternoon. Her Grace was handsomely dressed in black satin duchesse, the corsage elaborately trimmed with black passementerie and little tassels, which fell from the sleeve just below the elbow. The full vest and collar were of écarlé guipure lace, and a string of pearls of enormous size was worn round the neck. The toilette was accompanied by a very becoming hat in white drawn chiffon, the brim transparent except at the edge, where there was a half-inch band of black chip straw. The crown was surrounded by rouleaux of white chiffon, looking like the foam at the edge of a wave, while some beautiful white ostrich feathers were kept in place by black velvet loops. The ensemble was completed by a long spray of La France roses, the Duchess's favourite flower, reaching from throat to waist. The exhibition of pictures was well worth seeing, and a sketch of two horses by Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch (oddly enough omitted from the catalogue) stood out from the rest with startling distinction, and was the first picture sold, fetching fifteen guineas. Cats were well represented, their charms being done full justice to by Madame Henriette Ronner, Miss Florence Pask, and Mr. Louis Wain. Many of the *Punch* men had kindly contributed valuable drawings in black and white, and Sir John Tenniel gave a most appropriate sketch for a *Punch* cartoon—Britannia taking care of ragged children—accompanied by a letter in his still beautiful handwriting, which was promptly put up for sale. Some distinguished amateurs contributed charming work, including the Marchioness of Granby and the Duchess of Somerset herself, who gave "Boundary Fence, Somerset and Wilts," and "My Hills" for the good of the charity. A small collection of art jewellery and enamels attracted the attention of feminine purchasers; there were peacock pendants, turquoise chains, silver whist-markers, and the like. A silver book, embellished with enamels by the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham, was very much admired. It had a cross on the cover with medallions at the ends, a white lamb on a blue and green ground being enamelled in the centre.

The new materials are quite ready now for the purchaser, and nothing is wanted but the first spring

day to bring them within the range of "practical politics." All the latest varieties of tweeds are splashed with white, the coarse irregular threads woven into the surface giving a certain air of distinction to the duller groundwork. Brick-red flecked with white would appear to be the prevailing mixture, but stone-colour, light and dark reseda, delft, cornflower, and navy blue (useful old conservative colour) will be deservedly popular a little later on. Delft blue is "quite the latest," and is a delightful colour, a little more attractive than navy and not so *voyant* as sapphire. The irregular effects (known as knickerbocker designs) seem necessary to lead us from the zibelines of winter to the smooth cloths usually preferred for summer wear. At the present moment even Amazon cloth has lost its smooth surface, and is varied by white snowflakes in accordance with the latest idea. Voiles and zéoliennes, with self-coloured hairs, are to be worn, and will sometimes be figured with irregular checks in white or in delicate tints. Many lovely materials will be ready for our choice when the real warm weather sets in, including Watteau canvases and Boucher voiles, figured with garlands and clusters of flowers in many soft combinations of colour. Coarse canvas promises to be very popular, and will be used for little coats as well as indoor dresses. Silk delaine is being made in particularly pretty designs, more especially pastoral ones, such as wreaths of flowers and hanging baskets overflowing with blossoms, while even rakes and hoes tied with ribbons may be introduced.

Pink seems to be the favourite colour for tea-gowns just now, and it is a tint that looks wonderfully well in a room which is illuminated with softly shaded lights. White or black tea-gowns have a style that is all their own, and of three very pretty gowns recently ordered by the Duchess of Marlborough, one was black and white and the others pure white. The first one was made entirely of black satin ribbons and white lace insertion, which combination is so ornate in itself that it required no more trimming than a cascade of lace down the front. A charming tea-gown ordered by Lady Helen Stavordale was in white accordion-pleated silk with insertions of beige-coloured lace, and was made with an artistic-looking fichu and sleeves arranged in handkerchief points. This style of sleeve is likely to remain in fashion for a long while to come, and will be carried out in heavy materials, although it is far more suited to light ones. Some of the prettiest tea-gowns are in the Russian style, made in some soft white material, such as cashmere, and finished off with bands of coloured embroidery. One very pretty model was in cream-coloured voile, made with a deep handkerchief-point collar, edged with a narrow band of red and blue embroidery, and with the curiously cut bell-sleeves known as the "Mandarin," which are shaped something like a hoof, and which Chinese people of high degree draw over their hands when they do obeisance to the Sovereign. The Empire mode still remains in high favour for tea-gowns. This is not surprising when it is considered how particularly suited it is to this type of costume. One of the prettiest examples I have seen lately was of pale-blue crêpe-de-Chine set into accordion pleats and dotted over with diamond-shaped medallions of coffee-coloured lace, corresponding ornaments trimming the yoke and the deep frills which finished the sleeve at the elbow. A broad folded band of blue satin ribbon encircled the bust, forming a large rosette in front and falling to the feet in long ends, which were embroidered with forget-me-nots in their green leaves.

Blouses become daily more ornate in character, and are as universally worn as ever. Indeed, so great is the variety of this accommodating garment that there is no woman, old or young, rich or simple, who cannot find one to suit her requirements. A beautiful design intended for smart occasions was made of ivory-white satin, tucked all over, with the exception of the lower part of the sleeves. A collar of white net embroidered with silver sequins and crystal beads covered the upper part of the blouse, while motifs of lavender-coloured sequins in Persian designs were introduced here and there with surprising effect. The sleeves were decorated in the same manner. Another charming blouse was in the simplest of all materials—flannel, yet it was a garment that could be worn by a Duchess. In colour it was pale blue, the yoke being formed of narrow lines of blue moiré ribbon, joined together with lace stitches in string-coloured cord. The collar and cuffs were in ficelle guipure, the sleeves very full at the wrist. This blouse was intended to be worn with a costume of brown zibeline. The skirt was very simple in construction, the coat somewhat elaborate. The collar and revers were faced with moss-green velvet, the lining being of the same dainty shade of green. The jacket could be fastened over if desired, but it was obvious that it would look much better if it was left in *statu quo*. The costume was finished by a brown chiffon toque with touches of green deftly placed upon it, and a light brown kid waistbelt, stitched with green.

This is undoubtedly the day for the young, and perhaps there never was a time in which youthful talent met with quicker appreciation. The success of the wonderful youth, Kubelik, has already passed into a proverb, and a few days since a crowded audience at the St. James's Hall was applauding to the echo three performers whose ages all put together did not amount to much over sixty—a pianist of twenty-two, a cellist of twenty-three, and a songstress in the person of a young Australian girl whose twentieth birthday is barely past. Wonderful voices come to us from America and Australia, and it seems as if the climate has something to do with it. Madame Belle Cole said frankly to a fellow-musician once—"There are many people working in plantations whose voices are as good as mine." The young

contralto's dress at the St. James's Hall concert was excessively pretty. The material was a soft white silk patterned with irregular sprays of blue and pink flowers, which looked as if they had been flung on with a careless hand. A garland of banksia roses encircled the décolletage, and formed loops on the top of the arms. The sash, of the same material as the dress, was very smartly treated. The bows were taken up and fastened on the bodice, instead of falling downwards on the skirt—a pretty arrangement, but only suitable for a young wearer.

Much interest is being taken in the forthcoming Court, and florists will have a particularly busy time. The semi-shower bouquet will probably be the leading style in nosegays, the flowers falling in a graceful cascade, but not so long as to hide the dress. Roses, lilies-of-the-valley, carnations, and white violets will be among the most popular blossoms, and orchids will be carried by people to whom price is no object. Lilies-of-the-valley, once the most modest of flowers, have attained a certain independence of their own, and though they are tied up with other blossoms they do not mix with them. The lilies serve the purpose of an aigrette to a bouquet, being introduced at one side of a nosegay of violets or roses. Daffodils are in favour both for bouquets and for table-decorations, and these simple spring flowers seem thoroughly in keeping when carried by a young and pretty débutante. The Countess of Leitrim has an especial fancy for these flowers, and they were utilised in a very effective table-decoration seen at one of her recent dinner-parties. Daffodils and lilies-of-the-valley were grouped in a centrepiece of greeny-blue Venetian glass, long sprays composed of the blossoms mingled with asparagus-fern being laid lightly out to the corners of the table. A great bank of violets is sometimes placed down the centre of the table at what is called a "spring dinner," with other simple flowers, such as narcissi or daffodils, placed at the top as if growing. Some hostesses are reviving the old fashion of arranging their flowers on a centrepiece of looking-glass, a long plain strip



A NEW SPRING GOWN.

of glass being used, with the edges concealed by trails of smilax or corresponding foliage. A charming effect is attained by a green straw gondola filled with red geranium and antherium being placed in the centre of the reflecting surface.

The charming little coat shown in the first of our illustrations is made up of white cloth, trimmed with strappings of white silk elaborately machine-stitched, and finished at the ends by tassels. A scarf of coloured silk is arranged gracefully round the shoulders, passing under a band of the silk, which keeps it in place. The second drawing represents a thoroughly practical costume for early spring wear. The material is cloth, the trimming being silk of a considerably darker shade.

FILomena.

THE HONEY OF WISDOM.

We Gather the Honey of Wisdom from Thorns, not from Flowers.

NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—Milton.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassus, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—

LORD LYTTON.

EXPERIENCE.

"Our acts our judgments are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."—OLD SONNET.

For some Wise Cause, 'Experience HAS PROVED! before Perfection and True Balance in ANYTHING can be ATTAINED, There MUST BE MANY SWINGS of THE PENDULUM! To OPPOSITE EXTREMES.'

WITH YOUR BACK TO THE FIELD AND YOUR FEET TO YOUR FOE! NEVER SAY DIE TO ANY DILEMMA!!!

MORAL—

A Wise Paradise.

Nature's Laws.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well."—MILTON.

"Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his sons, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, more or less, of those who are connected with us—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just*, and *patient*. But also we know, to our



A WAYSIDE CONSULTATION!

cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

"My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*, and I should accept it as an image of human life.

"The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked: and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

"Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without* the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed."—HUXLEY.

We quote the above from Professor Huxley, because we think it fully endorses what we wish to press with great earnestness, in the cause of truth and health, upon the mind of the reader—that obedience to natural laws is health and happiness and long life, while disobedience or ignorance entails disease, and hands it down from one generation to another.

"ONE day a poor broken-down dyspeptic consulted Abernethy. The doctor looked at his tongue, felt his pulse, and inquired after his symptoms. 'Well,' said the frank Abernethy, 'I don't think there is much the matter with you. You want cheerfulness. Go and see that clever fellow Grimaldi. You will get a good hearty laugh! That will do you more good than physic.' 'Alas,' said the patient, 'I am Grimaldi.'"—SMILES.

MORAL—AN HONEST, MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD, like

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ART NOTES.

The Painter-Etchers open this week their twenty-first annual exhibition in Pall Mall, and afford us a very rare occasion of giving general praise. There is perhaps no single gallery of contemporary pictures of which it can be said that the level is high, the work generally good, the standard better and better. No oil-painting, no water-colour drawing, shows us, in the mass, in any large annual exhibition, a fair technical achievement. Few there are who have not ceased to look for any such wholesale success—or, at least success of the majority—where the laying-on of any kind of paint—oily, or dry, or transparent—is in question. The greater numbers of English painters are not in touch with the technique of colour. It is somewhat of a surprise to find that, in the course of twenty-one years, a black-and-white art, long neglected, has been, as it were, nationally learnt. Etching is, of all black-and-white arts, the most conventional—that is, it has a concerted code of signs and lines; it is not imitative of nature, but is distinctly representative—an art related to nature, but standing separate, nevertheless. A French art it has seemed in English eyes; but here are English men and women doing well with it.

Nevertheless, the English etching is different from the French; more explicit, more filled up, with a more deliberate line. There are few exhibitors in this gallery who take all the freedom of the point; who are not content to let the line walk, as it were—whereas it is able, under a bold and delicate will, to fly. Mr. John Wright and Mr. Philip Pimlott are among those who take this light and expressive freedom of curve in cloud, water, and tree. The etched line so used is almost as much writing as drawing. Indeed, the word "drawing" is inappropriate to notes of nature in etching. For imaginative quality (not common on these walls) we have noted Sir J. C. Robinson's "Sunset Aloes," and Mr. Charles Holroyd's

admirable trees, "The Borrowdale Yews," "A Yew Tree on Glasamara," and "Cypress Trees near Siena." There is real beauty in these plates, with their noble trees sufficiently isolated by the attention of the artist, but set about with happy indications of landscape, such as the glimpse of homely cultivated ground in the work last named. Other plates of original power and charm are Mr. Alfred East's "Cotswold Farm" and "Snow on the Wold," in which the aspect of the woods, outlined

In the new rooms opened this week by Mr. Wertheimer in New Bond Street are a few pictures of fine quality—a Gerard Douw of the first order, into the rich darkness of which the eye goes in quest of more and more, as though it had nature, and not a limited picture, before it. A beautiful "Nativity" is by Giorgione, and a "Sunset" of Cuy's has more sweetness than that bright but rather mechanical painter often achieves. These and a few more are from the Leuchtenberg collection, which had an additional interest because of the connection of the name of Leuchtenberg with that of Beauharnais. There are also several examples of Veenix, one of them a very beautiful dead swan, soft, with a degree of life still in the plumage. Mr. Wertheimer exhibits also some magnificent Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. cabinets, and other pieces.

At the Doré Gallery two side-shows are opened, the water-colours of Miss Patience E. Bishopp being shown in one room, and a series of drawings of Indian uniforms in another. Miss Bishopp has sketched rather summarily, the towns and colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Her work is somewhat on the hither side of the art at which she aims. The "impression"—the artist's right to the impression—has hardly been earned by discipline and knowledge. The sketches are dashing enough; they would interest the friends of a young water-colour painter, and rightly enough; but they are the work of an amateur. Here

and there, however, a drawing suggests, if it hardly proves, a sense of colour. One of these is "The Bourne"; and in "Folkestone Harbour" Miss Bishopp shows that she can do better and more careful work. Mr. Frank C. King has made fifty drawings, nearly all of the soldiers of our Indian Army—single figures, some of them much better in drawing and character than others. Now and then there is a figure of spirit and one that stands well; and, again, we have a wooden Sikh, or a Bengal Lancer with the animation of good wax-work.



Photo. Haines.

THE LARGEST STEAM LIFE-BOAT AFLOAT: THE "PRINCESS OF WALES," LAUNCHED FEBRUARY 27.

The new vessel, which was built by Messrs. Thornycroft, was launched from that firm's yard at Chiswick by Lady Onslow.

with simplicity and style, is really majestic. Mr. Fred Burridge's "Harlech" is interesting; so are "An Old Coach-Road," by Miss Constance Pott, and "Siena, the City Beloved of Mary," by Mr. Holroyd. Among others of merit, M. Alphonse Legros works with distinction, but also with an inordinate "old-master" manner. For instance, it is hardly pardonable to imitate the art of ages when no man watched the growth of trees or their ways in a gale of wind. M. Legros makes his thick branches curve in the blast in a way that may be Poussin's, but is not in the nature of wood.

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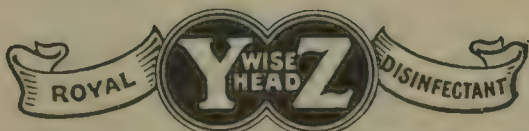
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MUSIC.

M. Jean G  rardy, the young violoncellist, made a welcome reappearance at the St. James's Hall on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 26, after an absence from England of five years. He then had a reputation as a very clever boy prodigy, but he is now an artist of power and great attraction. He has an admirable knowledge of technique and a romantic style that is individual, and at the same time he shows sincere appreciation of the composers he selects. He played in two concertos, one of M. Saint-Sa  ns in A minor and one of Haydn in D major. His interpretations of each were extraordinarily sympathetic and finished. He ended his concert with the "Variations Symphoniques" of L. Bo  llmann. Madame Eleanor Cleaver sang the "Che Faro" of Gluck in French, which seemed to make it unfamiliar. She has, however, a strong, clear voice, and sang it excellently. The orchestra played a selection from a work of Svendsen's, and the "Jeunesse d'Hercule" of Saint-Sa  ns.

At Herr Kreisler's fifth violin recital at St. James's Hall the artist played Bach's Concerto in E and a group of pieces by composers of the eighteenth century. These and the other selections displayed to the greatest advantage the artist's marvellous technique and fine command of his instrument. Particularly exquisite was his rendering of Chaminade's "S  r  nade Espagnole," which won such enthusiastic applause that Herr Kreisler had to consent to repeat it.

The Royal Choral Society gave a welcome if somewhat old-fashioned oratorio at the Albert Hall, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 25—one of Sir Arthur Sullivan's earlier compositions, "The Light of the World." It is so very different from the elaborate scheme of modern work that it seems somewhat to lack cohesion and unity. Still, though it is more like a

series of anthems, it has singularly beautiful numbers. The quartet, unaccompanied—"Yea, though I walk through the Valley"—was an instance, and was most beautifully sung, but long-and-prolonged as the applause was, Sir Frederick Bridge refused to give an encore. The chorus attacked their work with a fine precision, and sang the words with their customary clearness of enunciation.

Saint-Sa  ns, "Samson et Dalila," "Mon c  ur s'ouvre    ta voix," and some graceful songs of Miss Amy Ward, "Kashmiri Song" and "Till I awake." Herr Wilhelm Backhaus ended his concert with the Hungarian Fantasia of Liszt.

On Ash Wednesday, Feb. 25, the Queen's Hall Orchestra gave an excellent concert at 3 o'clock. The programme began with the Pastoral Symphony

of Beethoven and the interesting "Meditation" from "Lux Christi" of Dr. Elgar, which serves as a prologue foreshadowing the principal themes by introducing the *motifs*. Mr. Arthur Payne played the solo violin part in the Largo in G of Handel admirably. He is an excellent musician, and is a most valued leader of the first violins in the Queen's Hall Orchestra. A new song by Herr Richard Strauss was introduced by the beautiful contralto voice of Miss Marie Brema.

Several of the items of Mr. John W. Ivimey's concert, held in the Banqueting Room of St. James's Hall on Feb. 24, are worthy of more than the conventional "satisfactory." Special mention must be made of Mr. Courtice Pounds' delightful rendering of "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes"; of Miss Elspeth Murray's charm and precision in "When Love is Kind"; and of the singing of Balfe's "The Arrow and the Song," by Mr. Edgar Coyle, a baritone with excellent powers of expression and a rich, full

voice. Among the other contributors to the lengthy programme were Miss Lenora Sparkes, Miss Lilian Harvey, and Mr. Leo Stormont.

The King has been pleased to accept a copy of the 1903 edition of "The Advertiser's A B C: The Standard Advertisement Press Directory," published by Messrs. T. B. Browne, Limited, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.



Photo. Argent Archer.

A RECORD-HOLDER: THE HON. C. S. ROLLS IN HIS 80-H. P. SPECIAL RACING-CAR, WITH WHICH HE BEAT THE ONE-KILOM  TRE RECORD ON FEBRUARY 26.

During the trials at Welbeck Park Mr. Rolls covered the distance in twenty-seven seconds, or eighty-three miles an hour.

An orchestral concert assisted Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus at the St. James's Hall on Monday evening, Feb. 23. The clever pianist played the pianoforte solos in the Concerto in C minor of Beethoven and the Concerto in A minor of Grieg. He has a beautifully clear touch and a sound technique, and is gaining each year in power and strength. He was assisted also by Herr Paul Gr  mmer, a violoncellist, who played "Sur un Th  me Rococo" of Tchaikowsky. Miss Alice Holl  nder sang the beautiful aria from the opera of

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 29, 1902), with a codicil (dated Oct. 8, 1902), of Sir Joseph Sebag-Montefiore, of East Cliff Lodge, Ramsgate, and 4, Hyde Park Gardens, who died on Jan. 18, has been proved by his sons Edmund Sebag-Montefiore and Cecil Sebag-Montefiore, his brother-in-law Sir Samuel Montagu, Bart., and Richard Dawes, the executors, the gross estate being valued at £1,019,849 7s. 9d., and the net personalty at £964,199 8s. The testator makes some specific bequests to his children and grandson Robert Sebag-Montefiore, and leaves the contents of East Cliff Lodge and No. 4, Hyde Park Gardens, to his daughter-in-law Harriette Sebag-Montefiore, the widow of his late son Arthur, for her life, and then to the successor to East Cliff Lodge under the will of his uncle, Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart., absolutely. There are numerous pecuniary legacies and annuities to members of his family, personal friends, servants, and others, and to charities and charitable objects, and the residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, as to one eighth part for his daughter-in-law Harriette Sebag-Montefiore for life; and as to one other eighth part, and after the death of his daughter-in-law, the first-named eighth part, for her children, by his late son Arthur; as to two other eighth parts for his son Edmund Sebag-Montefiore, his wife and children; as to two other eighth parts for his son Cecil Sebag-Montefiore, his wife and children;



MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN BRONZE.

The moment of the Colonial Secretary's return from his memorable South African tour has been opportunely seized for the production of a bust of the statesman. Mr. Chamberlain's likeness has been happily caught by the artist, and the work of reproduction in bronze has been carried out by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of 22, Regent Street, London.

and as to the remaining two eighth parts, for his daughter Mrs. Emily Spielmann and her husband and their children.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1900), with a codicil (dated Aug. 10 following), of Mrs. Sarah West, of Streatham Hall, Exeter, who died on Dec. 7, has been proved by Richard John Bowerman, the brother, and Thomas Deane Eames and Richard Thornton, the nephews, the value of the estate being £324,054. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Devon and Exeter Hospital, the Exeter Dispensary, the West of England Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the West of England Infirmary for Diseases of the Eye; £1000 each to Thomas Deane Eames, Richard Thornton, Gwen Warren Venne, Hannah Nott, Annie Wheaton, and her niece Sarah Elizabeth Eames; £1000 between Mrs. Chichester and her sisters Alice and Salome Ayshford; £500 each to her godson, Richard Bowerman Eames, and her medical attendant, Arthur Roper; and many large legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her brother and sister, Richard John Bowerman and Mrs. Elizabeth Eames, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 20, 1899), with a codicil (dated Jan. 30, 1900), of Mr. Quintin Hogg, of 61, Threadneedle Street, and 10, Stratford Place, W., who died on Jan. 17, was proved on Feb. 21 by Mrs. Alice Anna Hogg, the widow, and Leonard Henry Harris, the



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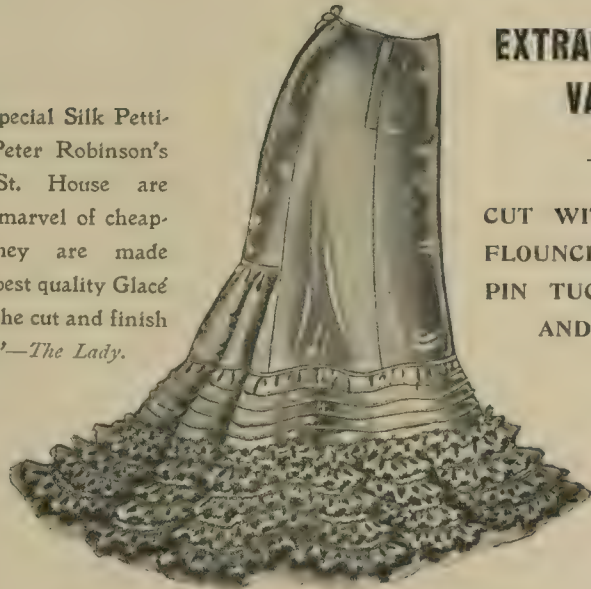
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AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

executors, the value of the estate being £161,253. The testator gives his papers and letters to Leonard Henry Harris, and all other his property to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated April 19, 1901) of Mr. Edmund John Mortlock, J.P., of Abington Lodge, Abington, Cambridge, banker, who died on Dec. 1, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Blanche Lias, the daughter, John Lees Casson, the nephew, and Thomas Musgrave Francis, the executors, the value of the estate being £82,141. The testator bequeaths his plate and pictures to his daughters; the furniture, etc., at Abington Lodge to his daughters Mary Blanche Lias and Alice Farler; £1000 between his daughters Bertha Elizabeth Clark Kennedy and Ellen Dewal Robinson; £500 each to the Victoria Asylum and the Addenbrooke Hospital (Cambridge); and £100 each to his coachman, Seymour Parrish, and his butler, James Gatland. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his daughters.

The will (dated March 26, 1900) of the Rev. Alfred Hensley, of Bucklands, Wallingford, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on Feb. 18 by Alfred Douglas Hensley and Egerton Hugh Edmonstone Hensley, the sons, the value of the estate being £34,024. During the life of his wife, Mrs. Fanny H. Hensley, he bequeaths £120 per annum to his son Alfred Douglas; £100 per annum to his son Egerton; £50 per annum to his daughter Mrs. Frances Emily Woodhouse; and £50 per

annum to his daughter Helen Gertrude, to be increased to £100 per annum on her marriage. The testator gives the money in the house and at his bankers', the furniture and household effects, and the income from the remainder of his property to his wife, for life, and then in equal shares for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1883) of the Right Rev. John Wogan Festing, D.D., Bishop of St. Albans, of 21, Endsleigh Gardens, Tavistock Square, who died on Dec. 28, was proved on Feb. 20 by Major-General Edward Robert Festing, R.E., the brother, and Miss Susan Beatrice Festing, the sister, the value of the estate being £15,422. With the exception of a legacy of £1000 to his brother, the testator leaves all his property to his sister.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1877), with a codicil (dated April 18, 1892), of Field-Marshal his Highness Prince William Augustus Edward of Saxe-Weimar, of 16, Portland Place, who died on Nov. 16, was proved on Feb. 19 by the Earl of March, one of the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £5655. Prince Edward bequeaths his property in Germany, the remainder of a sum of £15,000 inherited from his brother Prince Gustave, and his share of the portion of his sister Princess Anna, who died intestate, in the settled funds of £82,000 odd, to his wife, Princess Augusta Catherine Saxe-Weimar, for life, and then for his brother Prince Hermann. Subject to the gift of

certain plate to his said brother Prince Hermann, he leaves the residue of his property to his wife.

We understand that it has been decided to alter the name of the new Kodak Pelloid Plates, recently introduced by the Kodak Company, to "Kodoid" Plates, and they will be made known to the public for the future under that title.

The 1903 edition of "Country and Seaside Holidays" (published officially for the Midland Company by Mr. Walter Hill, 71, Southampton Row, London) will shortly be issued. It will contain a synopsis of the various places of interest to which the Midland Railway Company gives access, and a list of hotels, boarding establishments, and private houses in the country and seaside districts where furnished apartments can be obtained for the holiday season. The volume will be illustrated.

The handbook of the principal dog and poultry shows, cattle fairs, horse fairs, racing fixtures, and agricultural shows for 1903, issued by the Great Northern Railway Company is carefully compiled, and will doubtless be of much value to agriculturists, horse and cattle dealers, and sportsmen. It is of a convenient size for the pocket, and it can be obtained gratis on application to any Great Northern station or town office, or to the chief passenger agent, King's Cross Station, London, N.

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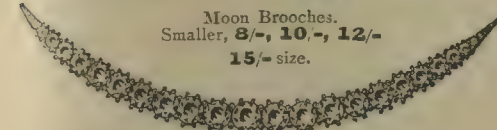
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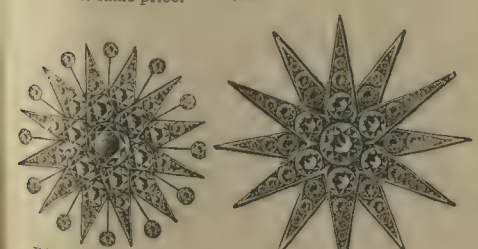
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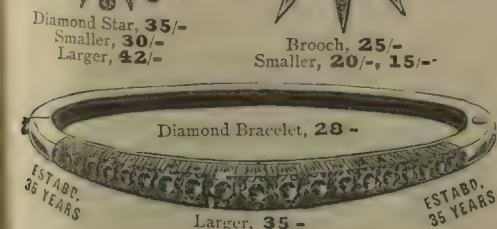
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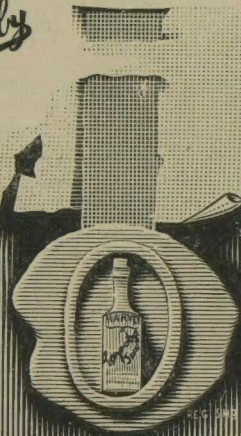
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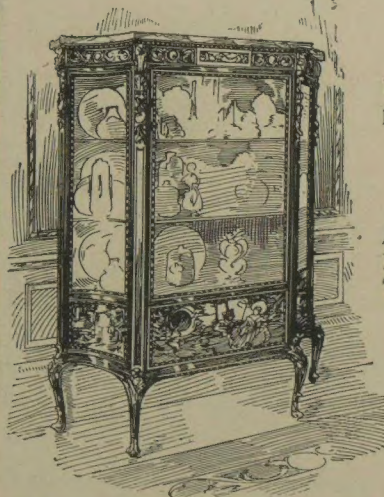
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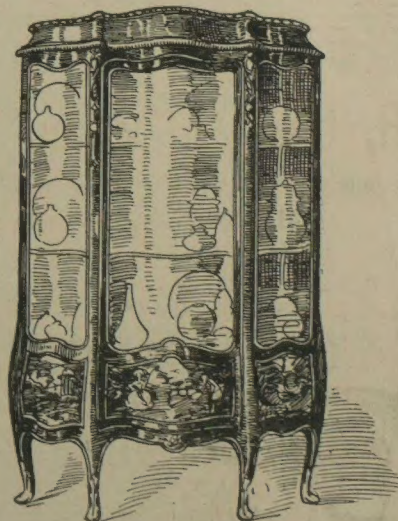


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This is a bottle of Perfume at Eau-de-Cologne price.



4 oz. 4 oz.

PER BOTTLE. 2/6 PER BOTTLE. 2/6

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To secure a Pure Colour and Perfect Finish
Gentlemen are sending their
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Mr. GEO. R. SIMS on "TATCHO."

"When I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho,' said Mr. Geo. R. Sims to the editor of the *Daily Mail*, 'I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders. Look at my hair now; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation?'"

"LADIES CONFIRM MY GOOD OPINION OF 'TATCHO.'"
Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the envy of her sex, writes: "I use only 'Tatcho.'"

If you mention this paper a full size 4s. 6d. trial bottle will be sent carriage paid to your own door for 1s. 10d.

This trial bottle contains one month's supply.

"TATCHO" must not be confounded with what are commonly known as simple "dressings for the hair." "TATCHO" is for the lack of hair. "TATCHO" is odourless, and is neither greasy nor sticky.

In bottles, 1s. and 2s. 9d. Chemists and Stores all over the world.

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Makes the Skin Soft as Velvet.

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FROM THE EFFECTS OF
FROST, COLD WINDS, AND HARD WATER.
IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL
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SOFT, SMOOTH & WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.

Gentlemen will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

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Can now be treated Hygienically by use of
"SILKY-FIBRE" ASEPTIC HANDKERCHIEFS.
DESTROYED AFTER USE, PREVENT INFECTION,
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TRELOAR & SONS have just received a shipment of Carpets and Floor Rugs, purchased by a member of the firm in Constantinople and Asia Minor. The shipment includes many interesting Antiques, quite exceptional in value. They are offered at comparatively low prices, as there are no intermediate profits, the goods coming as they do direct from the Collectors to Ludgate Hill.



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GREY HAIR

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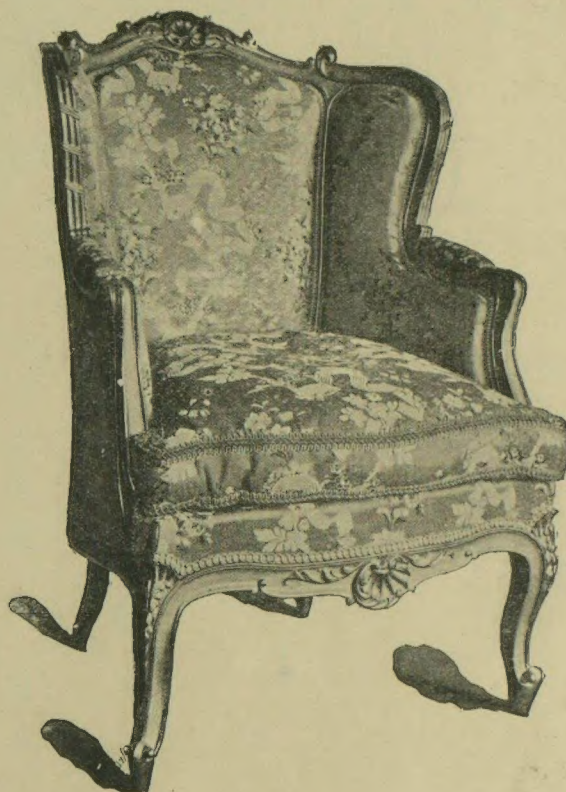
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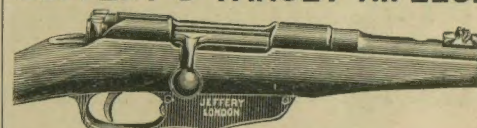
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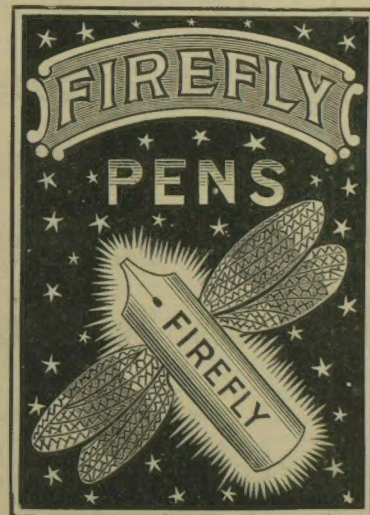
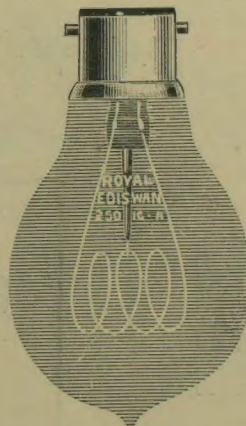
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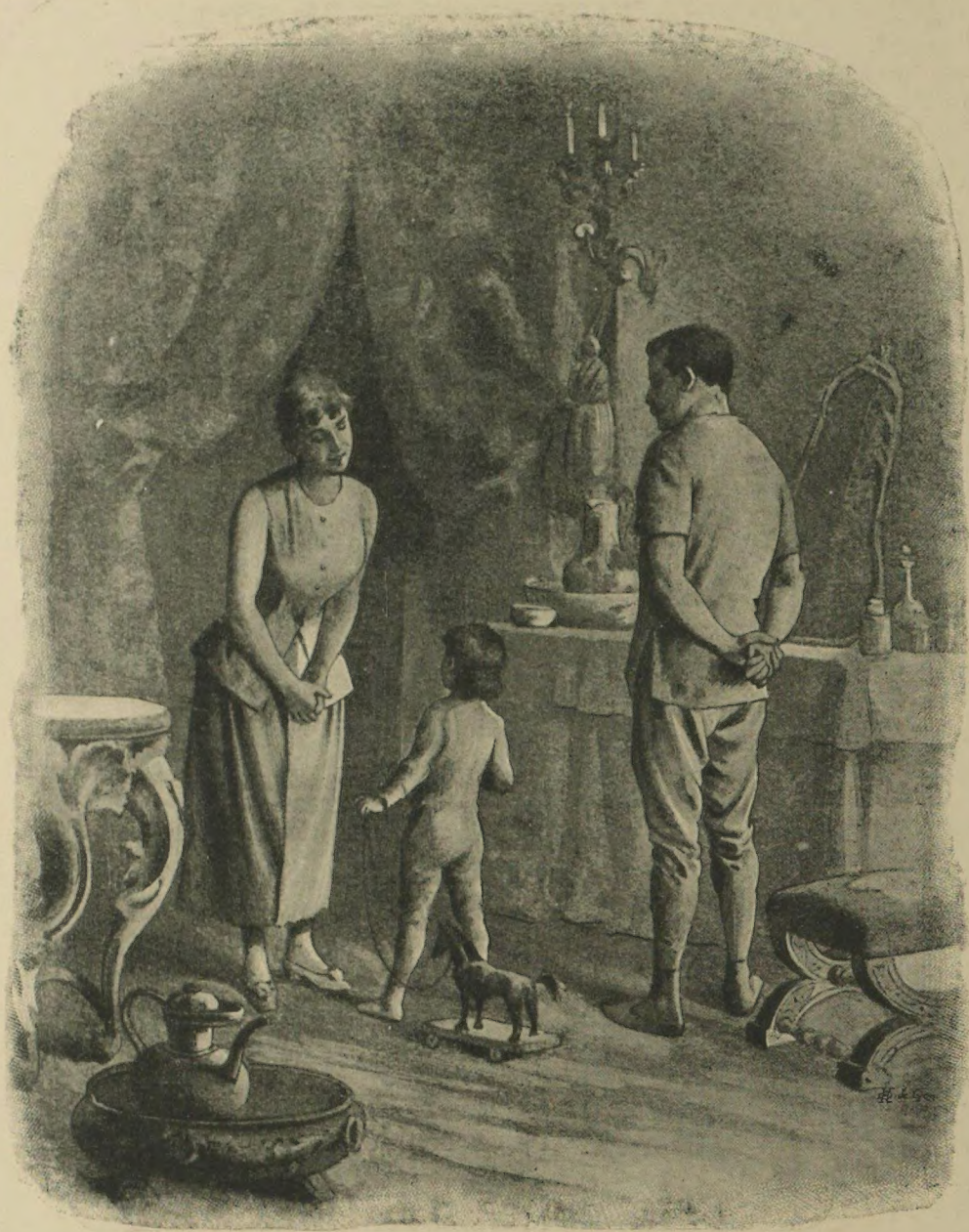
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To the benefits of wool **Dr. Rasurel** has added the **undeniable qualities of Peat**, which is by itself, as many experiments have proved, a **natural antiseptic.**

Highly recommended for those who **perspire profusely**, for people of a **Rheumatic** or **Gouty** tendency, and those who suffer from **night sweats.**

Absorbs and evaporates all perspiration, whilst remaining **dry** upon the skin, thus protecting from **Chills** and their consequences.

Dr. Rasurel's materials and garments are made in different weights, shapes, and sizes, for children, ladies, and gentlemen, suitable for all climates. All articles are made either with natural **brown Peat** or with **bleached Peat**, treated by a special patent process which deprives it of none of its hygienic qualities.

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